

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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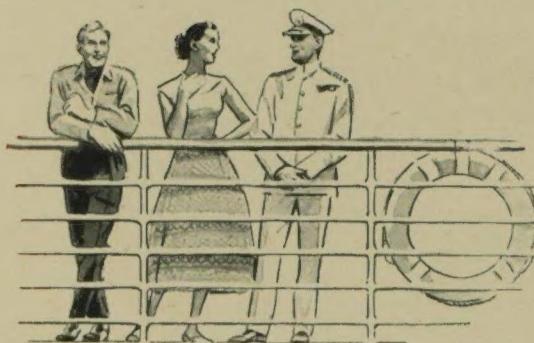
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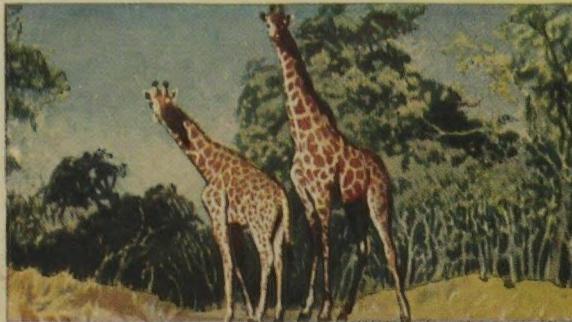
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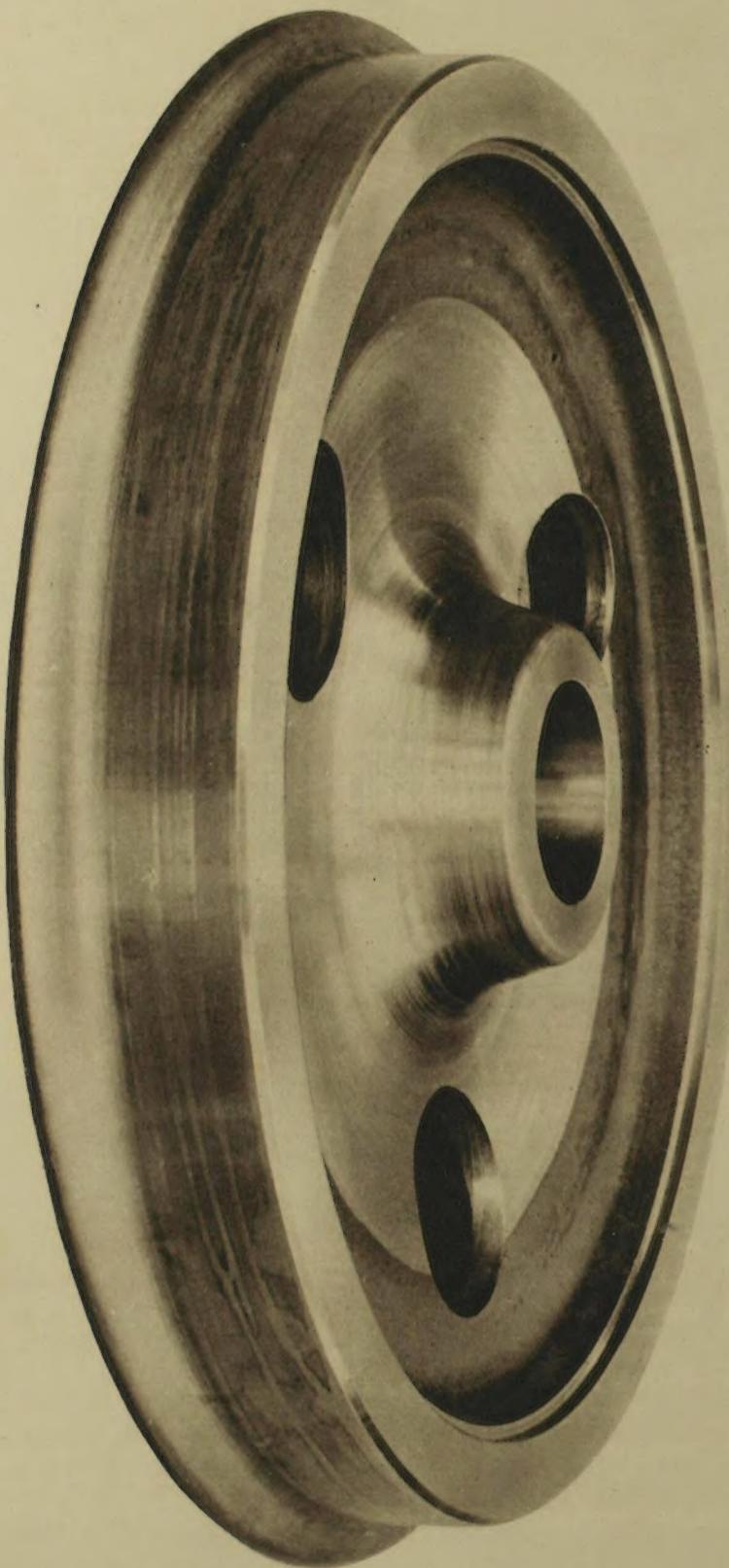
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**"Time to  
dress for  
dinner  
ALREADY?"**



It's the new Alec Guinness film tonight — better not be late for dinner. And there may be dancing afterwards. We've spent most of the day at the pool. The Seabrooks gave a small cocktail party before lunch. The two albatrosses that have been convoying us since Sunday are still alongside. I've got an appointment for a hair-do at 10.30 tomorrow.

The sun's tanning me and bleaching my hair! Today I saw in the wardrobe the tweed skirt I was wearing when we came on board at Southampton. Ugh! It made me wince, it looked so hot and heavy. I'm glad I've picked a husband whose business keeps him on the move between England and Africa. This is the way to travel!

**THE GOING'S GOOD BY**

**UNION CASTLE**



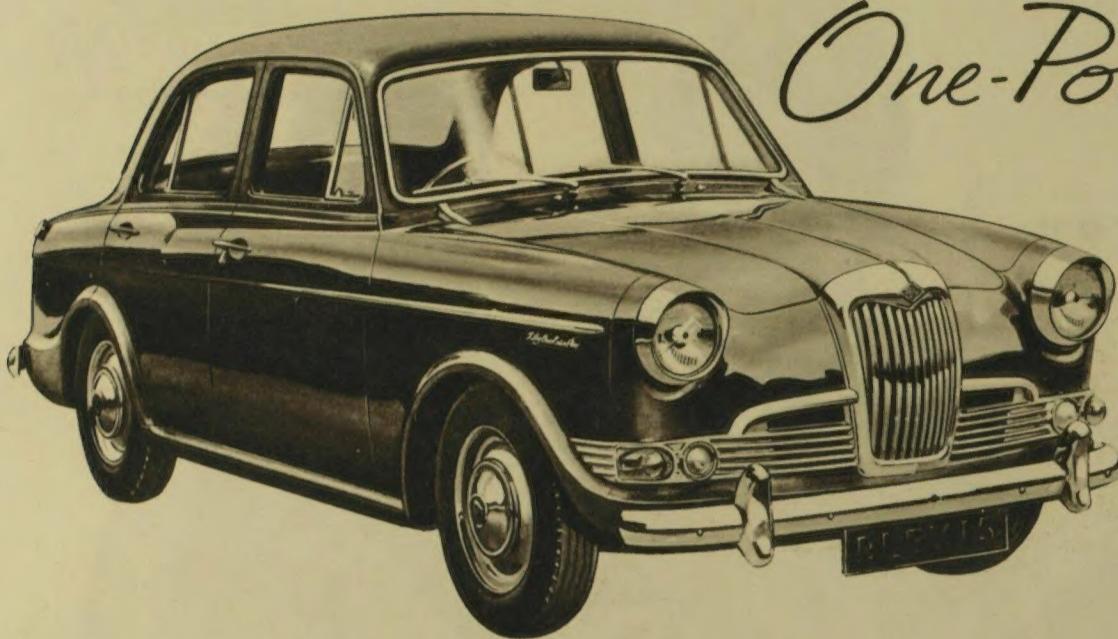
From Southampton or London, there's always a Union-Castle passenger ship leaving for South or East Africa in the next few days: into the Atlantic or through the Mediterranean, in southern sunshine and through calm seas. Every Thursday at 4 p.m. a ship leaves Southampton for the fourteen day run to Cape Town.

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**Everyone acclaims the lively**



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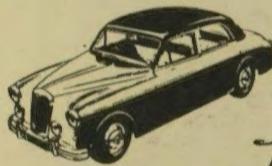


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**For people who take extra pride**

You'll like the real luxury refinements in the Riley One-Point-Five—the polished walnut veneer facia and door panels, the handsome and complete instrument array and real leather upholstery. Heater and windscreens washers are standard.

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- For non-skid safety on wet and greasy roads.
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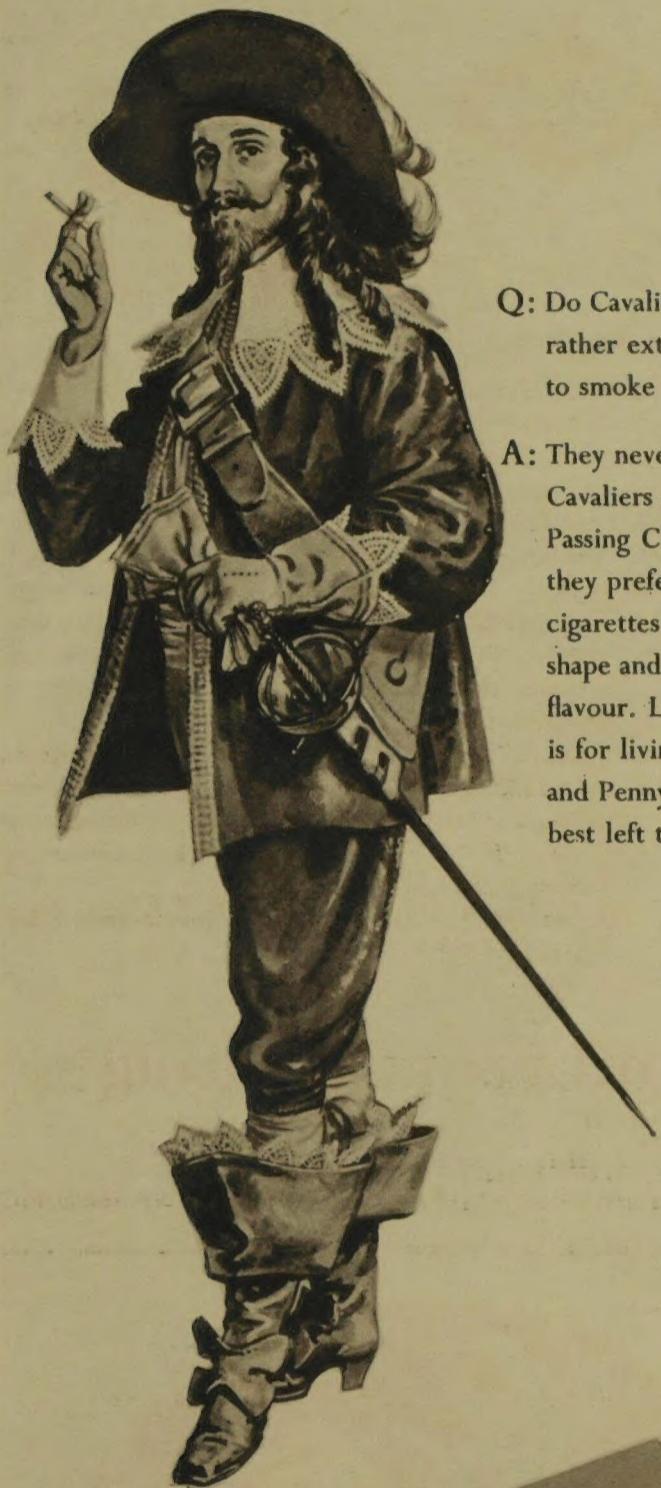
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44 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day.  
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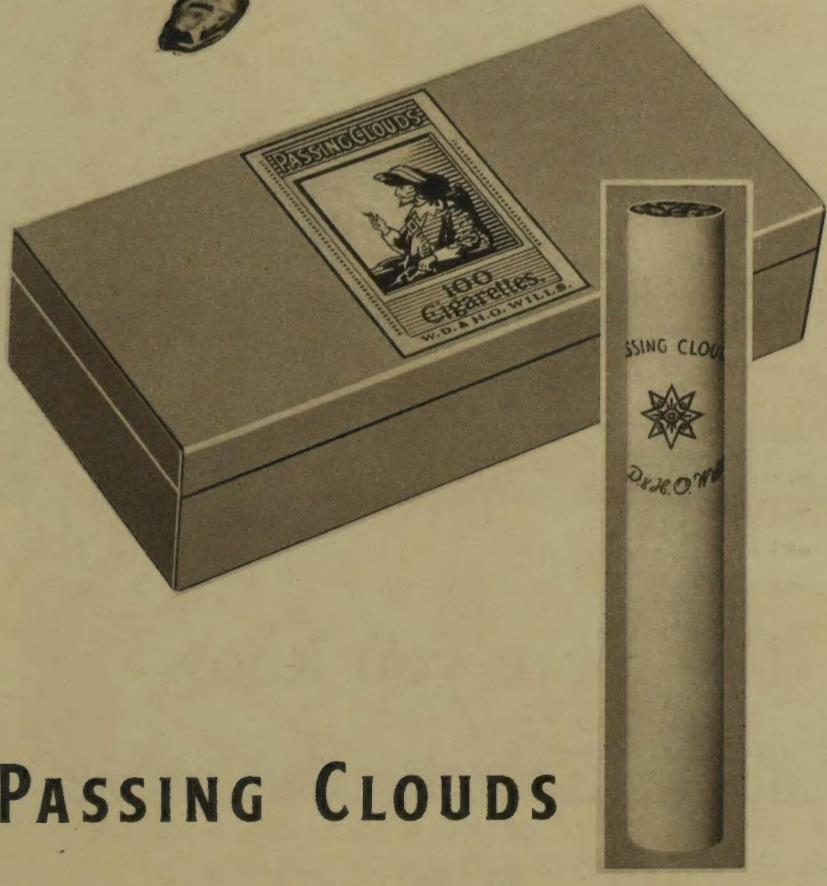


with  
weatherised  
tread



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**A:** They never think about it. Cavaliers smoke Passing Clouds because they prefer their cigarettes to be oval in shape and Virginian in flavour. Life, to Cavaliers, is for living, and Pennypinching best left to Roundheads.



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whisky—  
and so smooth*



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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1958.



THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF A GOLDEN MARRIAGE : SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL LEAVING THE BEACH AT MONTE CARLO, WITH THEIR GRANDDAUGHTER, ARABELLA, ON THE EVE OF THEIR ANNIVERSARY.

The fiftieth anniversary of that marriage of which Sir Winston himself said, "What can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought?" was celebrated quietly and privately at Lord Beaverbrook's Villa Cappuccina, near Nice, on September 12. The only family guests were their son, Mr. Randolph Churchill, and his eight-year-old daughter, Arabella; and the only visitors during the day were M. Gramaglia, the Mayor of Cap d'Ail, and his wife,

who brought a basket of red roses, and Lady Helen Nutting, who arrived for dinner. Throughout the day innumerable presents and telegrams of congratulation arrived from all over the world and from all sorts and conditions of people from Heads of State down. The family present was a particularly delightful one: an avenue of golden roses for Chartwell and a large illuminated vellum volume with the portraits of the roses from the hands of many painters, some of which are illustrated on page 461.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

**B**LACK dogs and white dogs do not fly at each other—at least not often!—and, when they do, it is never on account of their colour. This may be because dogs in this matter are more charitable and civilised than human beings or merely because—as some contend—they are colour-blind. But in Notting Hill and Nottingham, as well as in Little Rock and in what we are told by certain South African statesmen is to be the future Republic of South Africa, black and white cannot meet on terms of equality without violence or oppression. There may be many reasons for this—some of them highly discreditable to the white human beings who in each of these four cases have taken the initiative in uncharitable action against their darker fellow-creatures. But there is one reason, it should be noticed, common to them all: that in all four communities a large number of persons of one colour and, with it, of a particular social background and custom, are living in close proximity to those of another. This, and the rock of human nature—jealous, fearful, self-assertive, and, under certain circumstances, sadistic—are the crux of the matter. For without this prior condition the evil would not have arisen. There are no colour riots and no colour hatred in Moreton-in-Marsh or St. Anthony in Roseland, nor, I believe, in Nizhny Novgorod. This is because in these places all, or nearly all, the inhabitants are of one colour. If they were half white and half black the position would almost certainly before long be different. This is a point which ought to be kept in mind by all those responsible for the governance of mankind—and that, in democracies, includes not only politicians and civil servants, but everyone with a vote. In other words, a colour problem is in danger of arising wherever two communities of men of different colour and background start to live cheek by jowl with one another. A few black citizens in a white community of several hundred or thousand persons will not create colour hatred; nor will a few white citizens in a black community. But several hundreds or thousands may very easily do so. There is not, for instance, the slightest evidence

for supposing that there was any colour feeling in mediæval England or, for that matter, in mediæval Africa. This was not because the people of mediæval England were any more humane or more reasonable than their modern descendants in Notting Hill and Nottingham, but merely because a Negro or an Indian or a Chinaman was such a rarity in England as to be incapable *per se* of arousing feelings of fear, envy and resentment. Yet such feelings existed, and often took the most violent and horrible forms, against Jews and against fellow-Europeans like Flemings and Italians. That was because, for reasons of trade, there were large numbers of Jews, Flemings and Italians living cheek by jowl with the native inhabitants in many towns in England. Wherever this happened, race resentment and race riots were liable to occur.

It is no use ignoring this fact, merely because it is deplorable and shames human nature. A lot of things shame human nature. Like all these it must be regretted, yet taken into account. What invalidates the high principles of many apostles of

what is sometimes—out of its political content—called liberalism is that, because they disapprove of evil, they persist in behaving as though it did not, or at least need not, exist. Evil does exist, and anyone who fails to recognise the fact has not fully grown up. The object of a true liberal or humanitarian should not be to ignore evil but to control and limit its disastrous effects. And, as humanity is divided into at least four widely distinguished colour groups—black, brown, white and yellow—colour hatred, a manifest evil, can easily become a very great evil indeed. There is another rule which usually appears to apply in this painful matter. The poorer and less educated the community in which the problem of colour hatred arises, the more violent and vile its reaction is likely to be. It is not the bourgeois gentlefolk of South Kensington or the intelligentsia of Bloomsbury and Chelsea who have been beating up the African community in London, but the

productive of immense evil, can happen in that time, and statesmen, unlike philosophers and political theorists, have to legislate for much shorter periods. Nor, it should be remembered, do communities of different colour necessarily succeed in resolving their difficulties even after they have lived together for three or four generations. They have not done so in South Africa, nor have they done so in the Southern States of what many, including all Americans, regard as the most liberal country in the world, the United States. In both these countries the inter-mixture of two or more coloured communities has occurred in the remote past—in the case of one as a result of a terrible crime against humanity—and statesmen are faced with stubborn historical facts. To create a colour problem in a country where none has hitherto existed is, therefore, a serious responsibility for any statesman.

One thing, however, is certain: that whether it

is wise politically to encourage large numbers of folk of one colour and habit to settle in the midst of those of another, it is the grossest folly, as well as gross inhumanity, to treat or permit to be treated, people of one colour or race as being in any way inferior, in either status or right, to those of another. It is utterly repugnant to the tenets of Christianity, and to the spirit of a gentleman—an outmoded conception that, however misused and misinterpreted in the past, is badly needed in the world to-day—to regard any fellow-being as an inferior or outcast because his colour differs from one's own. Anyone who wishes to understand just how evil it is should read the deeply-moving and painful introductory chapter of the autobiography of that great American singer and Negro champion, Paul Robeson. Here he will find, in terms that for any educated man or woman shame and shatter the artificial barriers of colour, the evidence of what the "Jim Crow" mentality—that horrible wraith of the slave status of the past—can do in degrading the despiser and searing the despised. "Princeton," this sensitive and highly-educated man writes of the cultured American university town that was the home of his

youth, "was Jim Crow; the grade school that I attended was segregated and Negroes were not permitted in any high school. My oldest brother, Bill, had to travel to Trenton—eleven miles away—to attend high school, and I would have had to do the same had we not moved to another town. No Negro students were admitted to the university, although one or two were allowed to attend the divinity school. Under the caste system in Princeton the Negro, restricted to menial jobs at low pay and lacking any semblance of political rights or bargaining power, could not hope for justice." \* That is a hard saying, but it is impossible to read Robeson's book, however little one may agree with his politics, without realising the truth of his experience and the shattering effect of it. To ignore the existence of colour prejudice, especially among the uneducated, may be folly, but to perpetuate racial inequality by legislation or social prescription is something far worse than folly. It is a crime against the soul of man, and, because against man's soul, against God.

\* Paul Robeson, "Here I Stand," Denis Dobson, p. 18.



ON THE EVE OF THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY: SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA.

This photograph was taken just before Sir Winston's and Lady Churchill's golden wedding anniversary which took place on Friday, September 12. Fifty years previously Sir Winston married Miss Clementine Hozier, daughter of Lady Blanche Hozier and granddaughter of Lord Airlie, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. It was the most memorable London wedding of 1908. Miss Hozier was then aged twenty-three and Sir Winston was thirty-four. Even at that age, Sir Winston was already one of the House of Commons' most famous figures. He had experienced the Battle of Omdurman, the Spanish War, the Boer War, and had created a political sensation by crossing the floor of the House in 1904 to join the Liberal Party.

semi-barbarous toughs or "Teddy Boys" of Notting Hill and Paddington.

All this being so, it would be better if statesmen, black and white, brown and yellow, did their best to avoid creating, except for some very good reason, the conditions in which communities of limited education and different colour live in over-close proximity to one another. There may be economic or other advantages in suddenly planting a large number of white men and women in a long-established black community, or vice versa, but if the result is going to be colour jealousy, colour hatred and colour rioting, the advantages are likely to prove illusory. After a time, of course, say three or four generations, if only the peace can be kept in the meantime, communities of different colours may learn, as they ought to, to live together in perfect amity, mutual tolerance and equality, and, if only this happy state could be reached quickly, there would be no objection—in fact, exactly the opposite—to mixing communities of different colour. But three or four generations is a long time, and a great deal,



PAINTED DIRECT ON THE VELLUM BY SIR MATTHEW SMITH.



"MOONBEAM," BY JOHN ALDRIDGE, A.R.A.



"LYDIA," BY JOHN NASH, R.A.



"GOLDEN EMBLEM," BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., P.A.

## FOUR ROSES—FROM THE GOLDEN WEDDING PRESENT TO SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL.

As reported on our front page, the golden wedding present given to Sir Winston Churchill and Lady Churchill by their son and three daughters is an avenue of golden roses to be planted this autumn at Chartwell—and the magnificent illuminated book from which the four pages above are reproduced. This vellum-bound book of vellum pages has paintings of the twenty-eight varieties of roses to be planted, by twenty-nine artists, who have all delighted to have a hand in this work—the extra page being an endpiece by Sir Matthew Smith. In addition, there are front and end floral landscapes by Sir Winston's old friend, André Dunoyer de Segonzac, a quatrain by Mr. Paul Jennings, and a plan of the avenue. The book has

been bound by Maltby's, of Oxford. The resplendent book-marker is a gift from Garter King-at-Arms. The twenty-eight artists, all of whom have presented their work, are, as named in the book: Adrian Daintrey, Primrose Harley, W. G. Scott-Brown, Cathleen Mann, John Barrow, Richard Chopping, John Armstrong, Alice Burton, Margaret Birkenhead, Celia Jennings, Mary Potter, Ivon Hitchens, Paul Maze, Duncan Grant, Dorothea MacLagan, Natalie Bevan, John O'Connor, Vanessa Bell, Cecil Beaton, Betty Churchill, John Nash, Peggy Ramsay, Augustus John, R. A. Butler, Peter Norton, Denis Wirth-Miller, John Aldridge, Oliver Messel. The script and illumination are by Mr. Denzil Reeves.



PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE TAKE-OFF : EIGHT HANDLEY-PAGE VICTORS OF NO. 10 SQUADRON, R.A.F., STATIONED AT GOTTESMORE, RUTLAND.

The Handley Page *Victor* is the last of the R.A.F.'s famous three types of aircraft known to the public as V-bombers. It is at present in Squadron service. The *Victor* can both out-fly and out-maneuvre any of the R.A.F.'s fighter aircraft.

## MAINLY AERONAUTICAL : THE COMET IV'S LATEST TRIUMPH AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



THE COMET IV LANDING AT HATFIELD ON SEPTEMBER 14 AFTER FLYING A DISTANCE OF 7,925 MILES FROM HONG KONG IN 18 HOURS 22 MINS.

This new jet airliner, captained by Group Captain John Cunningham, de Havillands' famous chief test pilot, flew at an average speed of 487 m.p.h. Also on board was Mr. Basil Smallpeice, Managing Director of B.O.A.C. It was one of the fastest long-distance flights yet made by a civil aircraft.



PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE OF BRITAIN DAY : INTERESTED BYSTANDERS WATCH AS A HAWKER HUNTER (LEFT) AND A BLOODHOUND GUIDED MISSILE ARE SET UP.

The fighter plane and the missile are among the military equipment which will be exhibited on Horse Guards Parade on the annual Battle of Britain Commemoration Day, which is to be held on Saturday, September 20.



BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK : OFFICERS, AIRMEN AND AIRWOMEN, SEEN ABOVE, WILL RE-ENACT A BIG AIR BATTLE IN A RECONSTRUCTION OF A FIGHTER COMMAND SECTOR OPERATIONS ROOM.



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FIRE WHICH CLOSED COLLINS' MUSIC HALL : FIREMEN FIGHTING THE BLAZE IN A TIMBER YARD IN ESSEX ROAD, ISLINGTON, FROM THE SURROUNDING ROOFTOPS.

Collins' Music Hall at Islington Green was seriously damaged on September 13 and is likely to be closed for some weeks as the result of a severe outbreak of fire in the neighbouring premises of a timber merchant. Some 150 London firemen got the fire under control, but the timber yard was burnt out.



THE FAVOURITE AND AN EASY WINNER : ALCIDE BEING LED IN AFTER WINNING THE ST. LEGER BY EIGHT LENGTHS AT DONCASTER ON SEPT. 13. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's three-year-old *Alcide* proved his outstanding quality when, ridden by W. H. Carr, he won the St. Leger by eight lengths from *None Nicer*. Trained by Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort, *Alcide* is this Newmarket trainer's sixth winner in this last classic race of the season.

A BATTLE OF BRITAIN MEMORIAL; THE  
NEW U.S. EMBASSY; AND OTHER NEWS.



OUT IN THE OPEN, BUT PERFECTLY PRESERVED : ARTILLERY IN PLASTIC COCOONING AT DONTON, SALOP. THE METER WHICH IS BEING STUDIED BY THE INSPECTOR GIVES A READING FOR THE HUMIDITY INSIDE THE COCOONING. A GUN CAN BE READY FOR FIRING IN FOUR HOURS.



UP FOR SALE—ROLLING-STOCK, TRACK, STATIONS AND ALL—ONE OF ENGLAND'S FEW REMAINING MINIATURE RAILWAYS : THE RAVENGLASS AND ESKDALE RAILWAY, WHICH RUNS 7½ MILES FROM THE CUMBERLAND COAST TO BOOT AT THE HEAD OF ESKDALE.



DESIGNED TO BE WHOLLY MODERN YET A "GOOD NEIGHBOUR" TO THE OLDER BUILDINGS OF MAYFAIR : A RECENT VIEW, FROM ABOVE, OF THE NEW AMERICAN EMBASSY NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN GROSVENOR SQUARE. THE ARCHITECT IS THE FINNISH-BORN MR. EERO SAARINEN, NOW A U.S. SUBJECT.



GAY UMBRELLAS, FLOODLIGHTING AND FLORAL FURNISHING IN A CONTINENTAL STYLE—  
IN EUSTON STATION : A NEWLY-OPENED REFRESHMENT TERRACE.  
This terrace restaurant, which will be warmed, when necessary, was opened on Sept. 8 and is a new feature at Euston Station. The tables stand under coloured umbrellas among the tubs of plants. All the surfaces are plastic-covered for easy cleaning.



GIVEN TO THE NATION AS A MEMORIAL : PART OF A TWO-MILE STRETCH OF CORNISH CLIFFS BETWEEN BUDÉ AND BOSCASTLE. ON THE RIGHT IS HIGH CLIFF, IN THE DISTANCE, CAMBEAK. A stretch of cliff land and foreshore of 375 acres on the north Cornish coast has been given to the National Trust by Wing Commander A. G. Parnall in memory of his brother and air-crew who died in the Battle of Britain. High Cliff is Thomas Hardy's "Cliff Without a Name."

ON September 9 Mr. Hammarskjöld was engaged in the final conversations at Amman, which were the object of his visit to Jordan. He flew on to Beirut that evening. On the 10th he discussed with the acting Foreign Minister of Lebanon the possibilities of an international force for the purpose of guaranteeing the independence and integrity of Lebanon in place of the American force at present stationed there. When he left Amman, the Secretary-General appeared to be fairly optimistic, and the Jordan Government not at all. The result of the interviews on the 11th in Beirut are unofficially stated to have been "inconclusive." This is a slender handful of facts, but we do, of course, know a great deal about the respective backgrounds.

One of the most significant features of the situation in Jordan, which it is to be assumed was forcibly illustrated to the visitor, is that the vicious attacks of the Cairo and Damascus radios have continued in virtually full force. No progress has been made towards an improvement in the hostile attitude of the United Arab Republic. For example, there has been no talk of the restoration of permission for Jordanian aircraft to fly over Syrian territory, a very important matter. The opinion of the Jordan Government would seem to have been that Mr. Hammarskjöld had brought them little cheer out of Cairo, or, indeed, out of Baghdad, and that for their part they could not be expected to hurry or to make any move without great caution.

As for Beirut, we are left uncertain about the official views. The talks may well have been highly abstract and philosophical, since one element of the problem is the form in which the "presence" of that composite deity, the United Nations, can be persuaded to brood over Syria and at the same time be tolerated. It seems to be doubted whether that presence can be wafted across from New York—though Nasser has proved good at wafting—but if it is to be embodied, will it be tolerable? Old-fashioned diplomats may find this conception of "presence" hazy, but they ought not to condemn it untested. All good luck to the U.N. if it can remedy the present ills, even if it uses blather in the process!

If the official talks were "inconclusive," the demands of the Opposition in Lebanon, announced immediately on the arrival of Mr. Hammarskjöld, were delightfully simple and direct. It began by demanding the immediate withdrawal of the United States forces. This was, of course, the obvious first move, and therefore requires no comment. Then, however, the Opposition went on to say that there was no need for the United Nations observers—which is doubtless true from its point of view—and that their mission should be terminated. Here at least we can find some firm ground amid the political quick-sands of this strange country. We can be confident that this latter demand will be disregarded for the present. The future in this respect must be determined by a new Government.

The two countries present different problems. Jordan is threatened from without, explosive within. Its Government is of an emergency character with arbitrary powers. At the same time there are no shams about Jordan, whereas they pullulate in Lebanon. Jordan's part in the famous unanimous resolution of the United Nations may be described as *acceptance* of the words which dealt with the withdrawal of troops, but *emphasis* on the proposals that the principles of the United Nations Charter, and even those of the Arab League, should be applied. Jordan does not desire a United Nations observer group and has said so all through. She does not want to keep the British troops eternally, but neither does she want them to depart before the objects for which they were sent have been fulfilled.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### THE SECRETARY-GENERAL'S TOUR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

To find a parallel to one aspect of the situation in Beirut, we might suppose Mr. Gaitskell to be in control of a London district bounded on the

south by Commercial Road, on the north by the Grand Junction Canal, and on the west by Commercial Street, Shoreditch High Street, and Kingsland Road, with all entrances barricaded and Mr. Harold Wilson G.O.C. Western Defences. Mr. Gaitskell would stage occasional armed parades in Bethnal Green Road. He would also leave his fortress when requested and make his way, accompanied by his political lieutenants, to hold conferences with the Caretaker Tory Government in Whitehall on the subjects of the constitution and of the command of the military forces of the State.

Somewhere in the Cotswolds, but from time to time thrusting eastward in the direction of the capital, would be Mr. Bevan's mobile Welsh forces, part motorised, part mounted on horses, representing the Druses. His attitude to the Leader of the Opposition would be somewhat obscure, which, of course, spoils the analogy. Occasionally, armed forces of the Government might cross his path, in which case a parley would be held. More rarely a few rounds of ammunition would be let off. If the great partisan captain approached London too closely, he would be met by the G.O.C. London District, who would suggest that this sort of thing was not done, whereupon the insurgents, accompanied by their beef on the hoof, would, after a token protest, withdraw amicably out of contact.

Yet, double talk and posturing apart, Lebanon is in a period of transition, an interregnum. Until she has emerged from this, I suggest that the less that is done from outside, the better. When she has emerged, the main alternatives are: she will want the American forces to go at once or stay a while longer; want the observers to go or to stay; and desire or not desire that the observers should be (a) reinforced, or (b) replaced, by an international force. She should have her will. There would be an element of the ridiculous in saving the honour of a lady who did not want it saved. The one course to be avoided is that of walking out against the will of the official spokesmen without precautions against foes walking in.

As I have said, the case of Jordan is simpler. I have not been in the country since the British officers left the Arab Legion, and thus find it hard to assess its chances of survival. But I hold it to be essential that we should not allow ourselves to be bluffed out of the country before there has been an improvement in the behaviour of the United Arab Republic and the best possible assurance that it is not preparing fresh attempts to overthrow the State. The King some time ago hinted that, if he had the necessary arms and equipment, he could hold his own alone. This is a suggestion worth close examination. The difficulty is that he would probably have to rely chiefly on more Bedouin recruits, and that, for all their fine qualities, teaching them the use of armour, artillery, or any complex equipment is a slow and difficult process.



SOME OF THE JORDAN ARMY'S CONTEMPORARY EQUIPMENT: A NUMBER OF CHARIOTEER TANKS LINED UP FOR MAINTENANCE AT ZERKA CAMP. IN HIS ARTICLE CAPTAIN FALLS REFERS TO THE DIFFICULTY OF TRAINING BEDOUIN RECRUITS IN THE USE OF MODERN MILITARY EQUIPMENT.



UNDERGOING A PRELIMINARY PERIOD OF ELEMENTARY SCHOOLING: SOME OF THE MANY ILLITERATE RECRUITS WHO JOIN THE JORDAN ARMY, HERE HAVING A GEOGRAPHY LESSON IN THE OPEN AIR AT THE ZERKA CAMP.

### A NOTE TO OUR READERS.

#### "THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH."

IN this issue we continue our series of illustrations of schools in Great Britain and the Commonwealth with a special section on Melbourne Grammar School (Australia). Other schools which will be illustrated in this series during the next few weeks are:

Cheltenham College  
(September 27)  
Malvern College (October 4)  
Rugby School (October 11)  
The King's School, Parramatta  
(Australia) (October 18)

Taunton School (October 25)  
King Edward's School,  
Birmingham (November 1)  
Charterhouse (November 8)  
Merchant Taylors' School  
(November 22)

Because at the time of writing nothing has emerged to justify the optimism of the Secretary-General, and plenty to justify the pessimism of the Jordanian Government, is not to consign the results of the tour to the waste-paper basket of failure. It may be that Mr. Hammarskjöld has something up his sleeve. He could in no case divulge what the results of his exchanges of views had been until he had returned home and prepared and put in his report. The time limit for that is the last day of this month. That unanimous resolution unanimously sponsored by the Arab representatives was a laudable effort, but so far its interpretation has not been uniform. There is still a lot of trouble ahead.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



AN INTRICATE SYSTEM OF FORTIFIED CAVES AND BUNKERS : A HILLSIDE NEAR THE SHORE OF QUEMOY ISLAND, FACING THE CHINESE MAINLAND.



GIVING SOME PROTECTION AGAINST THE HEAVY BOMBARDMENT FROM THE CHINESE MAINLAND : ONE OF THE SUNKEN ROADS ON QUEMOY.



IN A SMALL VILLAGE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND : SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS EMERGING FROM A TRENCH DURING A BREAK IN THE BOMBARDMENT.



OUTSIDE THE RUINS OF HER HOME, DESTROYED IN THE SHELLING : A YOUNG QUEMOY GIRL CARRYING HER BABY SISTER ON HER BACK.



DESTROYED BY A DIRECT HIT FROM THE CHINESE MAINLAND : THE WRECKAGE OF A NATIONALIST LANDING CRAFT, WHICH HAD BEEN LOADED WITH AMMUNITION, LYING ON A QUEMOY BEACH.



FIRING BACK AT THE CHINESE MAINLAND : A CHINESE NATIONALIST GUNNER MANNING A HOWITZER ON QUEMOY ISLAND.

## THE CHINA SEA. UNDER HEAVY BOMBARDMENT FROM THE CHINESE MAINLAND: NATIONALIST-HELD QUEMOY ISLAND.

On August 23 the Chinese Communists opened their bombardment of Quemoy and other Nationalist-held islands close to the Chinese mainland. Since then hundreds of thousands of shells have hit the island and heavy damage has been done. On September 11, in his nation-wide television broadcast to the American people, President Eisenhower stated that since the bombardment had started, over 1000 people had been wounded or killed, a large part of them civilians, and he referred to the supply shortages in the Quemoy islands.

While in his speech the President made it clearer than ever that there would be no U.S. appeasement in the Far East, the efforts to find a peaceful solution to the Formosa crisis continued, and on September 14 it was announced that diplomatic discussions on the crisis would be opened in Warsaw on the following day. The bombardment, meanwhile, continued, and there was a report that Russian-made 200 mm. guns had been moved into the area opposite Quemoy. But on the 14th some supplies did reach Quemoy despite the gunfire.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD-II.



ROTTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS. CUTTING THE LAST STRANDS HOLDING THE HUGE LINER: QUEEN JULIANA LAUNCHING ROTTERDAM ON SEPTEMBER 13. Watched by a crowd of many thousands, Queen Juliana launched a new flagship for the Holland-America Line transatlantic fleet from the yard of the Rotterdam Dockyard Company, and named her *Rotterdam*.



ROTTERDAM. MOVING RAPIDLY INTO THE WATER AT HER LAUNCHING: THE NEW LINER ROTTERDAM.



WOOMERA, AUSTRALIA. AT THE START OF ITS VERY SUCCESSFUL TEST FLIGHT: BLACK KNIGHT LEAVING THE LAUNCHING PAD ON SEPTEMBER 7. *Black Knight*, Britain's first ballistic missile, was fired with complete success at Woomera, and was later reported to have reached a height of 300 miles. At a London Press conference the Minister of Supply stated that the cost of the *Black Knight* project so far had been between £4 m. and £5 m.



COLOMBIE-LES-DEUX-ÉGLISES, FRANCE. GENERAL DE GAULLE (LEFT) WELCOMING THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR, DR. ADENAUER. General de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer met for the first time on September 14, when they discussed common problems at the French Premier's country home. In a joint statement they said: "We are both profoundly conscious of . . . the significance of our meeting."



NEWARK BAY, NEW JERSEY, U.S. HANGING FROM THE OPEN DRAWBRIDGE: ONE OF THREE CARRIAGES OF A PASSENGER TRAIN WHICH PLUNGED INTO THE BAY ON SEPT. 15.



BUCHENWALD, E. GERMANY. UNVEILED BY HERR GROTEWOHL, THE EAST GERMAN PREMIER, ON SEPT. 14: THE BUCHENWALD MEMORIAL—THE ROAD OF NATIONS. Built in four years by unpaid labour and voluntary contributions, the Buchenwald Memorial commemorates the thousands who died in the notorious Nazi concentration camp of that name, and stands on the camp site near Weimar. Some 80,000 people, including several thousand from the Federal Republic, attended the dedication ceremony.



CARACAS, VENEZUELA. DURING THE ATTEMPTED REVOLT ON SEPTEMBER 7: CIVILIANS TAKING COVER AS STREET FIGHTING RAGED NEAR THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE. Some 20 people were killed and over 100 injured in Caracas when discontented Army officers and military police attempted unsuccessfully to overthrow the military junta, headed by Rear Admiral Larrazábal, which has been ruling Venezuela since January. The abortive coup set off a general strike in protest against it. This ended after one day.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Left.)  
PARIS. WITH A VERTIGINOUS SPIRAL FIRE-ESCAPE AS ITS DOMINATING ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE: A FAÇADE OF THE U.N.E.S.C.O. BUILDING IN THE PLACE DE FONTENOY. THE CHIEF IMPRESSION IS OF CONCRETE AND GLASS, BUT AT LEAST ONE FAÇADE IS FACED WITH HONEY-COLOURED TRAVERTINE.



(Right.)  
PARIS. ONE OF THE FAÇADES OF THE Y-SHAPED U.N.E.S.C.O. H.Q. BUILDING, WHICH IS TO BE OPENED ON NOV. 3 BY PRESIDENT COTY. THE STRANGE SHAPE IN THE FOREGROUND IS A 40-TON CONCRETE PORTICO.



NORWAY. MEMBERS OF A SERVICES SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION, AFTER SETTING UP A MOUNTAINSIDE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT, DURING A RECENT THREE-WEEK SURVEY. A scientific expedition drawn from the three services has recently returned from the neighbourhood of Odde, in Norway, where it has been engaged on survey, and other scientific work. Most were drawn from the Royal Navy and Royal Marines.



MEXICO CITY. POLICE ADVANCING FIRING TEAR-GAS BOMBS INTO A CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS, WHO WERE ATTEMPTING A MARCH ON THE NATIONAL PALACE ON SEPTEMBER 6. Since the students' riot of August 23 there have been intermittent disturbances in Mexico City. The principal rioters have been students, supported by workers, writers, artists and a manifesto of the Communist Party. On September 6 many arrests were made, and tear-gas was used.



BAGHDAD, IRAQ. ASLEEP AT THE OFFICE: IRAQ'S NEW PREMIER, BRIGADIER ABDUL KARIM KASSEM, LYING DOWN ON A BED MADE UP ON THE FLOOR NEAR HIS DESK.

These photographs, recently received from the Middle East, are stated to show the Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister, Colonel Aref, of post-revolutionary Iraq in a shared office, which they also use as sleeping accommodation. It is stated that the photographs were taken in the Ministry of Defence.



BAGHDAD, IRAQ. THE DEPUTY PREMIER PULLS UP HIS SOCKS ON THE SOFA, AN ORDERLY FOLDS THE SHEETS AND THE PREMIER SHAVES

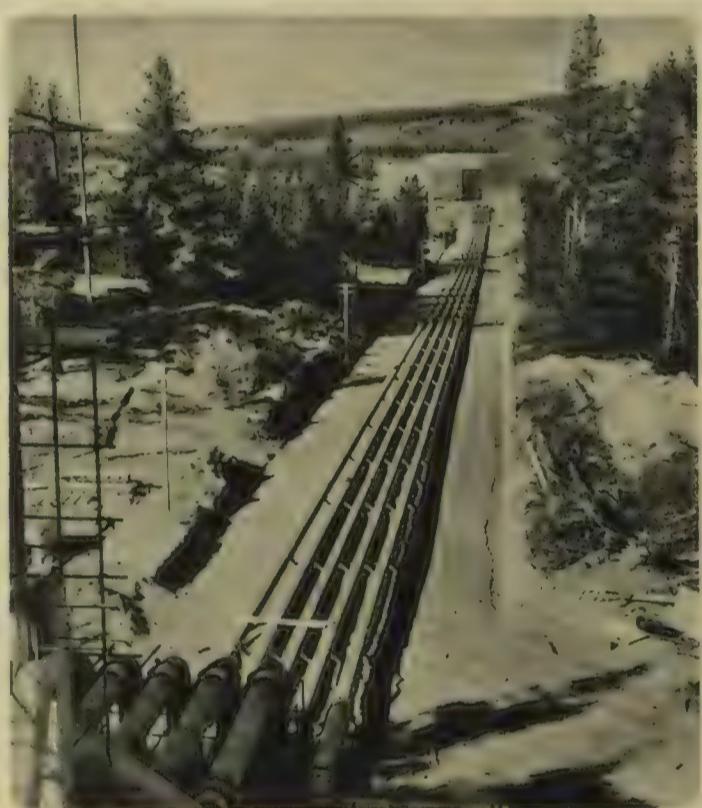
## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



(Left.)  
ARGENTINA.  
SYMBOLIC OF THE  
RESTLESS SITUATION  
IN ARGENTINA: SIDES  
OF BEEF LYING ON A  
PAVEMENT IN BUENOS  
AIRES, HAVING BEEN  
PUT THERE BY DIS-  
TRIBUTORS WHO RE-  
FUSED TO SELL THEIR  
MEAT AT UNFAVOUR-  
ABLE PRICES.



(Right.)  
CALIFORNIA, U.S.  
UNDERGOING A BUOY-  
ANCY TEST AT THE  
U.S. NAVAL ORDNANCE  
TEST STATION, CHINA  
LAKE: A MODEL OF  
THE 1500-MILE-RANGE  
INTERMEDIATE  
POLARIS MISSILE, DE-  
SIGNED FOR LAUNCH-  
ING FROM SHIPS AND  
SUBMARINES.



NEW ZEALAND. FIVE PIPES STAND READY AT WAIRAKEI, NEAR TAUPO, TO CARRY STEAM FROM THE WAIRAKEI HOT SPRINGS TO THE NEW POWER HOUSE (BACKGROUND). THE INAUGURATION OF THIS NEW GEOTHERMAL POWER STATION WILL TAKE PLACE IN OCTOBER.



PORUGAL. RECENTLY SHELLED AND SUNK: THE SCHOONER *ANNA MARIA*, THE ONLY ENGINELESS FISHING VESSEL IN THE WORLD, WHICH SAILED WITH THE ROMANTIC PORTUGUESE FLEET OFF NEWFOUNDLAND. The *Anna Maria* was sunk by the United States coastguard in the Atlantic after she had caught fire. Built in 1873, the *Anna Maria* was a much-loved sight among the crews of her modern steel-built auxiliary sister-ships as she sailed each year on her lone adventure in Newfoundland and Greenland seas.



COLOGNE, WEST GERMANY. A FLOATING CRANE, ON THE RHINE, TOWERS HIGH ABOVE THE SECOND HALF OF THE NEARLY COMPLETED HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE. The Hohenzollern railway viaduct over the Rhine at Cologne was destroyed by the retreating Germans during the war. It was partly restored by 1953, and its capacity is now being doubled in a complete restoration, now approaching the opening date.



TANGANYIKA. AFRICANS QUEUEING AT AN IMPROVISED POLLING STATION IN A VILLAGE IN THE TANGA PROVINCE FOR THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ELECTIONS. The first five constituencies went to the polls on September 8; and the second five were to have voted in September next year. Owing to experience already gained, however, this date has been brought forward to February 1959. The Governor made this announcement on August 20.

## SAND-YACHT RACING IN LANCASHIRE.



LINED UP FOR A RACE AT LYTHAM ST. ANNES : A GROUP OF COMPETITORS IN THE ANNUAL SAND-YACHT SPEED TRIALS AND REGATTA.



SPLASHING THROUGH THE WATER AT THE EDGE OF THE SEA : C. D. COLLINGWOOD RACING SPRITE ALONG THE BEACH AT LYTHAM ST. ANNES.



CHEETAH LEADING PUFFIN: A RACE AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY ALONG THE BROAD SANDS OF THE BEACH AT LYTHAM ST. ANNES, LANCASHIRE.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES, on the estuary of the River Ribble, in Lancashire, has a broad expanse of sandy beach which provides an excellent setting for sand-yacht racing. This month competitors from all over the country have gathered at Lytham St. Annes for the annual sand-yacht speed trials and regatta. Given a favourable wind and skilful handling, a sand yacht can reach speeds of over 50 m.p.h. In another part of the country, at Great Gransden, in Huntingdonshire, Mr. Peter Shelton, an agricultural engineer, has been developing land yachts on a disused wartime airfield. Though following much the same principles as are used in sand yachting, Mr. Shelton strongly recommends the advantages of his sport, which he feels could be introduced on some of the many disused airfields all over the country, and which he claims to be very inexpensive.

## RESTORATION AT THE ADMIRALTY.

THE oldest part of the Admiralty buildings in Whitehall—the Old Building, which is also sometimes known as the Ripley Building (after Thomas Ripley, who designed it)—has now been reoccupied after undergoing extensive modernisation and redecoration, made necessary by the ravages of time and by war damage. In addition, the building suffered considerable damage from a fire when it was already in the hands of the contractors in 1955. The main entrance into Whitehall is to be officially reopened on September 29, the 200th anniversary of the birth of Lord Nelson, whose body lay in state in the Old Building on the night before his burial in St. Paul's on January 8, 1806. One of the first rooms to have been brought back into use was the Board Room, which has been described as "the central and unchanging symbol of Admiralty."



WITH A NICHE CONTAINING E. H. BAILY'S ORIGINAL MODEL FOR THE NELSON STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: THE REDECORATED MAIN HALL OF THE OLD BUILDING.



SURMOUNTED BY A BUST OF NELSON: THE PEDIMENT OF A NEWLY-BUILT DOORWAY, INSCRIBED WITH THE ROYAL CIPHER TO COMMEMORATE THE RECONSTRUCTION WORK.



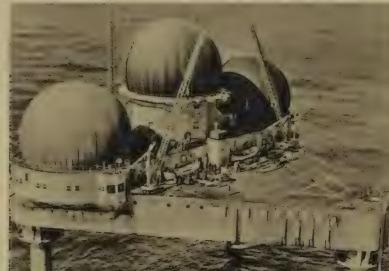
NOW AGAIN USED BY THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY: THE BEAUTIFULLY PANELED BOARD ROOM IN THE OLD BUILDING, WITH A PORTRAIT OF NELSON AT THE FAR END.

## MAINTAINING A CEASELESS VIGIL: THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT'S

## "DISTANT EARLY WARNING" LINE OF ALL-ROUND RADAR DEFENCE.



NEAR SAN FRANCISCO: ONE OF HUNDREDS OF RADAR STATIONS PROTECTING THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT. THE PLASTIC DOME PROTECTS THE RADAR MAST.



A TEXAS TOWER ABOUT 120 MILES OFF CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS. IT IS MANNED BY A CREW OF 106 OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.



A MAP SHOWING THE VARIOUS SYSTEMS AND DEVICES OF CONAD, THE CONTINENTAL AIR DEFENCE COMMAND WHICH IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PROTECTION OF NORTH AMERICA.



THIS GLASS MAP SHOWS THE DIFFERENT AIR DEFENCE REGIONS. IT IS LIT SECTION BY SECTION TO SHOW A STATE OF ALERT.



AT CONAD (CONTINENTAL AIR DEFENCE) HEADQUARTERS AT COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO. NEARLY FIFTY MEN WORK DAY AND NIGHT.



IN ST. HUBERT, NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA: STAFF MEMBERS RECEIVING ALL INFORMATION ABOUT UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT APPROACHING OR CROSSING CANADIAN TERRITORY.

Among the elements forming the United States' and Canada's DEW Line (Distant Early Warning Line) are already Eskimo trappers, pilots in space suits, radar stations flying at 30,000 ft., a fleet of converted Liberty ships, ice-breakers and pilots who fly so fast that their guns must be fired for them from the ground at targets they never see. And the latest recruit to this mixed company is "Auntie": the DEW Line forces' nickname for any one of the family of rockets designed to destroy an incoming ICBM (inter-continental

ballistics missile). This missile was recently alleged by the Russians to be the "ultimate" in all weapons. It is set on its predetermined course like a huge artillery shell before it reaches its upward curve about four miles above the earth. It is now usually accepted that the perfection of radar to track the course of an ICBM, and of rockets to meet and destroy it, is merely a matter of time. Hence the enormous importance attached by both Canada and the United States to the DEW Line, which is a 15,000-mile electronic frontier stretching



EQUIPPED BY THE U.S. AIR FORCE AND NAVY: THE RC 121 LOCKHEED SUPER CONSTELLATION, WHICH CARRIES ALMOST 6 TONS OF RADAR AND RADIO EQUIPMENT.



A RADAR BLIMP: ITS CREW NUMBERS ABOUT THIRTY. THE PROJECTION SEEN UNDER THE BELLY HOUSES THE DETECTION RADAR.



A NIKE RISES FROM AN UNDERGROUND MAGAZINE. IT IS RAISED THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR BY A LIFT AND TILTED INTO ITS VERTICAL FIRING POSITION.



ON PERMANENT STANDBY PATROL: THIS F-86 SUPER SABRE HAS JUST BEEN ORDERED TO "SCRAMBLE" ON A CALIFORNIA AIRFIELD.



CANADIAN PILOTS IN A HURRY AT THE ST. HUBERT OPERATIONAL CENTRE. THEY ABANDON AN OUTDOOR CARD GAME WHEN ORDERED TO "SCRAMBLE."



BEHIND THE BLACK PLASTIC NOSE OF THIS INTERCEPTOR IS THE RADAR SYSTEM. IT GUIDES THE PILOT ON TO THE AIRCRAFT TO BE INTERCEPTED.

Operating a round-the-clock service, the Distant Early Warning detected anything from twenty minutes to two and a half hours. And a new long-range radar device is able to detect an ICBM as far as 3000 miles away. This distance assures a fifteen-minute warning of any missile's approach. The European NATO countries are at present setting up their own 3000-mile-deep Continental Air Defence system to act as a forward electronic warning zone.

## ON THE TRACK OF THE INCAS.

"QUEST FOR PAITITI—A JOURNEY INTO UNEXPLORED PERU." By JULIAN TENNANT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THIS is a very odd story, but it is none the worse on that score, and it is certainly well told. It is also extremely frank, for the author makes no attempt to disguise his own shortcomings, particularly where his temper is concerned. The theme is the adventures of two young men, both Old Etonians, who met more or less by chance one evening in a London flat in November 1953, and before the night was out the two of them, "strengthened by a number of whiskies-and-sodas," had decided to find out by personal investigation the truth of a rumour that there was a ruined Inca city hidden in high jungle country between two Amazon tributaries on the eastern side of the Andes, about 250 miles east of Lima. They were in hopes that it might even be Paititi, the fabulous lost city where the remains of the Inca gold had been hidden from the Spanish conquerors in the sixteenth century.

One of these young men, Sebastian Snow, was already a seasoned explorer in spite of the fact that he was only twenty-four, that he had very poor eyesight, and that he had broken his thigh playing football at school. In addition to journeys across Lapland and Afghanistan, he had



WITH A BABY MONKEY ON HIS SHOULDERS AND CLINGING TO HIS HAIR: VICTOR, THE MACHAGUENGA CHIEFTAIN OF TIMPIA, WHO ORGANISED THE PARTY'S NATIVE GUIDES AND PORTERS.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Quest for Paititi"; by courtesy of the publishers, Max Parrish.

spent twelve months following the course of the Amazon from its source in a Peruvian lake to its mouth in Brazil. The second of these intrepid adventurers was the author of this present volume, who, unlike his companion, "had always been able to travel in comfort." The expedition, which took place in the summer of 1954, cost them £3000.

When they arrived at Lima at the end of April it was soon borne in upon them that something more than a smattering of Spanish, which was all they possessed, would be required for dealing with the Indians in the interior, so they added to their number a barman in the Peruvian capital by the name of Bill Glasgow. He was, needless to say, no ordinary barman, for he was of Scottish origin, had served in the American Air Force, and had latterly been a civil pilot in Peru. He spoke Spanish fluently, which was not the case with the other two.

Such was the origin of the expedition to the ruined Inca city, and such were those who participated in it. In these pages the reader is taken with them from the amenities of modern civilisation at Lima to the primitive conditions of a missionary station at Pucallpa, and finally through the jungle to the ruins themselves. Various characters, European and native, from time to time attached themselves to the party, and quitted it voluntarily or involuntarily—including a dog who may well have found his way into the porters' stock-pot; they are all well drawn by Mr. Tennant, who has a real gift for vivid description both of men and of events.

Some of these characters can hardly fail to catch the imagination, such as the Protestant head of the Instituto Linguistico de Verano at Pucallpa;

the Spanish priest with "thick black hair and a bushy beard," living in the heart of the jungle in a "house which, apart from a bed and two rather broken chairs, contained no other visible furniture"; and, above all, the half-caste chief Pereira, who was "hostile towards white men because he believed there was a price on his head" for having killed his father, though whether in self-defence or otherwise seems never to have been resolved.

Naturally the three explorers were entirely dependent upon the Indians, both as guides and porters, and a singularly unattractive lot these Indians—Machaguengas—seem to have been. Nor was their fare particularly tempting:

We were offered half a dried gourd containing a drink which we were told was *masato*. Fortunately or unfortunately, we had already been warned by the Institute that we would be offered this and as we knew how it was made we declined it as politely as we could. *Masato*, they had told us, was made from yucca which the women of the tribe chew up and then spit into a container—usually a wooden trough specially made for this purpose. The saliva needed to help them to chew up this rather dry, raw root causes it to ferment over a period of three days. The result is a comparatively alcoholic drink. I have no idea what it tastes like but amongst my childhood memories I have one of a particular governess who, at the slightest provocation, would lick her handkerchief and wipe my face. This memory is made vivid because it is accompanied by the particularly unattractive smell of other people's saliva.

Cold monkey was also found unappetising, but on occasion stern necessity compelled its appearance on the menu.

Mr. Tennant's Polaroid camera worked wonders when it was a question of conciliating the Indians. A few photographs not only gave infinite pleasure, but enabled the three explorers to get an amount of work out of the natives which would certainly not have been the case otherwise. Many of the



SOME OF THE PARTY'S PORTERS AT THE RUINS: THE INDIAN IN THE FOREGROUND CUT HIS HAIR SHORT, PERHAPS IN IMITATION OF THE WHITE MEN HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

Machaguengas, although living no further from cosmopolitan Lima than Penzance is from Penzance, had never before seen a white man, and from the evidence of these pages it would appear that their first reaction was neither fear nor hostility, but amusement. Particularly was this the case because these Indians grew very little, if any, hair on their faces, whereas the three young men had managed to cultivate some extremely imposing beards.

It was not, however, only the human denizens of the jungle that made life difficult, for although the author and his companions have, rather surprisingly, no stories to tell of snakes, there were other perils to be encountered:

During the night I was woken up by an odd sensation, not with a start but with a gradual awareness that something unusual was happening. As I became fully conscious I realised that there was a slight draught on my face and I could hear a humming noise just above me. We all slept with a torch beside us and as I felt around for mine the slight breeze on my face stopped and the humming noise seemed to move. I turned on the torch and, as I did so, saw a vampire bat, which had obviously been hovering over my face. As I shone my torch on it it flew out of the tent. I could feel nothing unusual, and was certain that it hadn't bitten me.



THE FIRST OF SEVERAL KEY STONES FOUND BY JULIAN TENNANT AND HIS COMPANIONS AMONG THE RUINS OF "PAITITI."

Fortunately I knew enough about vampire bats not to be unduly frightened. I switched off my torch and turned over to go to sleep again but, before this happened, the bat returned and was once again hovering over my face—the only part of my body that was exposed. Again I turned on the torch and the bat flew out of the tent. There was no alternative but to shut the tent flap, after which I was undisturbed for the rest of the night.

After a long journey attended by very real dangers the three young men reached some ruins, but it must be confessed that at this point one gets a feeling of anti-climax. None of them was an archaeologist, and as their provisions were running low they had not the time to conduct any serious excavations. Mr. Tennant does not make any extensive claims, and expressly states, "whether or not these ruins were at one time a fortress or a city I do not know." All they found was an earthenware drinking vessel, which the British Museum later verified as being of Inca origin; even this, owing to their self-confessed negligence, arrived in London in pieces. On the other hand, they were told that there were the remains of an Inca road to Cuzco, the old capital; had they known this earlier it would have saved them a great deal of trouble and expense.

Having followed the adventures of these three until he almost feels that he has shared them, the reader will be disappointed to hear that their partnership proved unable to stand the strain of a return to civilisation; for in Lima Mr. Tennant had a quarrel with Bill Glasgow which has apparently never been made up, and in which the author admits that he was in the wrong. It was an unhappy ending to an expedition which it is clear from the narrative that all three of them enjoyed, even if the ruins they discovered were definitely not those of Paititi. A book well worth reading and with a most attractive jacket.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 492 of this issue.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—VII.  
MELBOURNE CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



AT MELBOURNE CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL : WADHURST, ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S TWO PREPARATORY ESTABLISHMENTS (RIGHT), AND PERRY HOUSE, ONE OF THE SENIOR BOARDING HOUSES, NAMED AFTER BISHOP PERRY, THE FOUNDER.



THE SOUTHERN FAÇADE OF THE MAIN BUILDING, SHOWING THE WITHERBY TOWER, BUILT IN 1876. THE MAIN BUILDING WAS BEGUN WHEN THE SCHOOL OPENED IN 1858.

Melbourne Church of England Grammar School, one of Australia's leading schools, is this year celebrating the Centenary of its foundation. The foundation was largely the work of Bishop Perry, the first Bishop of Melbourne, who arrived in the city in 1848 to take up his appointment and who had previously been a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In the decade before 1858 two other well-known Melbourne schools had come into existence—Scotch College, founded by a number of emigrant clergymen of the Free Church of Scotland,

and St. Patrick's College, a Roman Catholic foundation—and Bishop Perry had also started a diocesan grammar school, which closed shortly before the Church of England Grammar School opened. During its brief life its Headmaster was Richard Hale Budd, a former pupil of Dr. Arnold, the famous Headmaster of Rugby. Bishop Perry also played an important part in the foundation of Geelong Grammar School, another great Australian school, which was illustrated in our issue of April 27, 1957.

*Photographs by Robert Pockley, Geelong.*

## FROM CRICKET TO CHEMISTRY: SCENES AT A FAMOUS MELBOURNE SCHOOL.



A VIEW OF THE WITHERBY TOWER FROM THE CLOISTERS OF THE MEMORIAL HALL. TO RIGHT AND LEFT ARE SITUATED SCHOOL HOUSE BOARDERS' STUDIES AND DORMITORIES.



CRICKET ON THE MAIN OVAL AT MELBOURNE CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE BROMBY STREET BUILDING, BUILT IN 1954.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, BUILT IN 1892 IN MEMORY OF TWO HEAD-MASTERS, EDWARD BROMBY AND ALEXANDER PYNE, AND CONTAINING A WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL.



A CENTRAL FEATURE OF THE SCHOOL: THE QUADRANGLE—WITH ITS DISTINCTIVE LAMP-POST, WHICH SERVES AS STUMPS IN "QUAD CRICKET."



IN THE WAR MEMORIAL HALL, THE SCENE DURING AN EXHIBITION OF THE SCHOOL'S PAINTING AND POTTERY, WITH—IN THE BACKGROUND—A DISPLAY FROM THE SCHOOL ARCHIVES.



ANOTHER VIEW OF WITHERBY TOWER, NAMED AFTER ARTHUR WITHERBY, A GENEROUS BENEFACTOR OF THE SCHOOL.



THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, SIR DALLAS BROOKS, INSPECTS THE CADET CORPS GUARD OF HONOUR DURING A VISIT FORMING PART OF THE CENTENARY CEREMONIES THIS YEAR.



PART OF THE ORIGINAL BLUESTONE BUILDING. THIS WING WAS THE HEADMASTER'S RESIDENCE UNTIL 1938 AND NOW HOUSES AN ADMINISTRATIVE SECTION ON THE GROUND FLOOR AND BOARDERS' ACCOMMODATION ABOVE.

*Photographs by Robert Pockley, Geelong; that of the Bromby Street building supplied by Mockridge Stainie and Mitchell, Architects, Melbourne.*



BOYS DEMONSTRATING EXPERIMENTS IN THE NEW CHEMISTRY LABORATORY WHICH WAS OPENED RECENTLY, REPLACING THE ONE BUILT IN 1922.

*Continued* schools. The educational boards were set up at the same time as the discovery of gold in Victoria was announced, however, and the resulting rush to the goldfields brought to the Colony vast new wealth, besides greatly increasing the population. The Governor of Victoria was thus enabled to make large grants to the various sects for the founding of better schools. The need for new schools was all the stronger following the foundation, by an Act of 1853, of Melbourne University—Victoria's first university—the University of Sydney University four months earlier. The wish to provide local education which could compete with that offered overseas was another stimulus. It was against this background that Melbourne Church of England Grammar School, and the two other large Melbourne schools, all of them assisted by Government funds, were founded.

## NEW BUILDINGS AT A GREAT AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL, NOW 100 YEARS OLD.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE BROMBY STREET BUILDING, WHICH CONTAINS CLASSROOMS AND A MUSIC ROOM. ON THE ROOF THERE IS A MINIATURE RIFLE-RANGE.



A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SIMON FRASER MEMORIAL BOAT HOUSE, ERECTED IN 1953 AND REPLACING AN EARLIER ONE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

While Bishop Perry played a leading part in the foundation of Melbourne Church of England Grammar School, the success of the new school was, to a large extent, due to Dr. Bromby, the first Headmaster. He had previously been a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and during his headmastership, from 1858 to 1875, the school flourished. Another great Headmaster of the school was Alexander Pyne. During his brief Headmastership, which came to an end shortly before his death in 1885, the numbers at the school increased

considerably and School games were greatly encouraged. The School Chapel was built in memory of Dr. Bromby and Alexander Pyne. To celebrate the School's Centenary this year, a number of ceremonies have been held. A new Science Block was opened on April 12, on the following day a Cathedral Service took place, and on April 16 the School was visited by the Governor of Victoria. There were also a number of other celebrations, and in October two balls are to be given and there will also be a Thanksgiving Service.

*Photographs supplied by Mockridge Stahle and Mitchell, Architects, Melbourne.*

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A FEW weeks ago I was sent a packet of seeds of the granadilla, *Passiflora edulis*, which brought memories of the abundant crops of that delicious fruit

which I enjoyed on a certain fruit farm at the Cape many years ago. I have met the fruit occasionally since then, in various parts of the world, but never in the same abundance as on that South African farm. But when I do see it I pounce, though if I find it in fruit shops in this country it is, alas, almost invariably an expensive pounce. A granadilla is not an ornamental fruit to look at. About the size of a pullet's egg, it has a smooth, parchment skin, dull purplish in colour (the R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening says "yellow or dull purple"), and when fully ripe, slightly crinkled. The fruit inside is very much like that of a ripe gooseberry, that is to say, a crowd of seeds amid a mass of soft, delicate flesh and juice. The flavour is like that of some unusually excellent and fully-ripe gooseberry, yet better than any gooseberry that I, at any rate, ever tasted. The seeds, being soft, never irk. As to eating the granadilla, the usual practice on that Cape fruit farm was to bite open one end of the thin parchment skin, and then squeeze the pulp direct into the mouth. In fact, the crude technique best suited to a ripe gooseberry.

But I have read and been told of refinements with the granadilla; refinements such as squeezing the pulp into a custard glass until it was full, adding sugar and a dash of sherry, and then eating with a spoon. But so excellent is the granadilla, pure and simple, and savaged, as I have described, as one would savage a gooseberry, that I can not help feeling that dolling the fruit up with sherry or any other alien dope would be a practice only suited for that dread thing known as "polite society."

But what, I would like to know, would be the conditions under which the granadilla could be fruited successfully in this country? Almost certainly it would have to be under glass, and probably there would have to be a little artificial heat. And yet. I wonder. I have seen the granadilla's cousin, *Passiflora caerulea*, carrying golden fruit on house walls in the Isle of Wight, and even here in the cold Cotswolds I know at least one specimen of *P. caerulea* which has lived and flowered for many years on a warm open-air wall without, as far as I know, any special winter protection.

This lovely Passion Flower is given as a native of Central and Western South America, which makes its hardiness in the Cotswolds somewhat surprising. The granadilla, *Passiflora edulis*, comes from "Tropical South America." Perhaps that qualifying "tropical" should be a warning, ruling out any chance of its growing and fruiting in this country in any conditions other than under glass, with a trifle of artificial heat. Having seeds on hand, I feel very tempted to raise a plant or two and see whether I can not devise some means of producing

### THE GRANADILLA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ripe granadillas in my garden. I can see snags and difficulties, however. For one thing, *Passiflora edulis* is a terrific grower, once it gets going, and my unheated greenhouse is already heavily occupied with, among other things, a rampant strawberry grape vine, which produces tremendous harvests of delicious little reddish grapes with their full and distinctive flavour of strawberry;

and this can not lightly be sacrificed, or curtailed, even for granadillas. Before actually launching on any experimental campaign, I must hunt through some of my old gardening books, in the hope of perhaps finding an account of cultivating granadillas in England. It would almost certainly have to be a book of the middle or late 1800's, when coal and labour were cheap, and folk could afford to grow bananas and pineapples in their greenhouses. My father grew both—alas, before my time.

The other snag about growing granadillas might be that they are so subtly delicious and seductive, that one really would have to have them in real abundance, or not at all. To have perhaps a dozen or so, or even a dozen or two, or three, would be intolerable. At least, that was the impression that I formed on the Cape fruit farm.

The only instance of granadillas being successfully grown and fruited in this country that I know of at first hand happened some twenty-five years ago. I saw a dish of the fruits in an exclusive and exotic shop in Piccadilly, London, and bought a few and sent them to friends who then had both gardeners, and greenhouses—with heat, suggesting that they sow and grow a seed or two. This they did, and reported later that they had greatly enjoyed eating home-grown granadillas. What happened to the plants eventually I never heard. I rather think that garden went all commercial, so that probably *Passiflora edulis* was supplanted by tomatoes, or something which would be really appreciated by Covent Garden.

The manner in which granadillas grew on the farm in South Africa was simple, labour-saving, and most successful. Unlike the strawberry, *Passiflora edulis* is naturally a climber, but in this case the plants were allowed to trail along the ground. All along the side of one of the fruit-tree orchards there was a band a yard or so wide, and perhaps 50 yards long, with the passiflora stems trailing along on the ground, and there they fruited with the greatest freedom.

That way of growing the plant, as a ground trailer, instead of as a rather rampant climber, suggests to me a way in which granadillas might be grown on rather similar lines. Planted in large pots the long trailing shoots might lie out on the ground in a narrow frame facing south, and there (we hope) fruit during the summer. And then in the winter the trailing stems might be gathered up and coiled into a loose sort of wreath, which would take up comparatively little room when stored in frost-proof shelter for the winter. All that is, of course, mere speculation, but it might be worth trying, unless the old gardening books tell of some simpler method and one of proven practical use.



THE GRANADILLA'S COUSIN, *PASSIFLORA CAERULEA*, WHICH IS HARDY IN MANY PARTS OF THIS COUNTRY AND WHICH PRODUCES GOLDEN FRUIT WHICH CAN BE EATEN.

The Passion Flower was so named by Spanish priests in South America, the parts of the flower being identified with the instruments of Christ's Passion. So the three stigmas represent the three nails, the five anthers the five wounds, the corona the crown of thorns or the halo, the five petals and five sepals ten apostles, Peter and Judas being absent, and the handlike leaves and the tendrils the hands and whips of the persecutors.

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

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## NEW LIGHT ON THE ARYAN "INVASION" OF INDIA: LINKS WITH THE IRAN



FIG. 1. THE MOUNDS AT NAVADATOLI, ON THE RIVER NARBADA, IN CENTRAL INDIA, OVER AGAINST MAHESHWAR. THE SCENE OF RECENT EXCAVATIONS WHICH THROW LIGHT ON THE PENETRATION OF THE ARYAN CULTURE.



FIG. 2. HOUSE FLOORS, CIRCULAR AND RECTANGULAR, IN THE LOWEST LEVEL OF HABITATION AT NAVADATOLI. POST HOLES INDICATE THAT THE WALLS WERE OF CLOSE-SET POSTS.



FIG. 4. FROM AN EARLY LEVEL OF THE SITE: THREE EXAMPLES FROM A HOARD OF COPPER AXES OF THE SIMPLE FLAT TYPE NORMAL IN INDIA, WHERE SOCKETED FORMS NEVER TOOK ROOT.



FIG. 5. A FEMALE FIGURE IN RELIEF, APPLIED AS DECORATION TO AN OTHERWISE PLAIN, UNPAINTED STORAGE JAR.



FIG. 6. A PLEASING RELIEF OF A MONKEY SWINGING LIKE "THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE." FROM THE SAME GROUP AS FIG. 5.

In recent years (writes Dr. H. D. Sankalia, Director of the Deccan College Postgraduates and Research Institute, Poona) Indian archaeologists, both in Government departments and in the universities, have been busily digging up the sub-continent and adding simultaneously to our knowledge and our problems. Amongst the older problems an outstanding survivor is that of the Aryan invasions of India: the course and timing of their penetration from their name-country Iran, in the north-west, to the great plains of the Jumna and the Ganges, and southward to the Central Indian hills and plateau. In this central region, in particular, the Universities of Poona and Baroda, with this and other matters in mind, have been actively exploring a number of fruitful and promising sites, and the present summary relates to one of the most striking of these. The River Narbada, or Narmada, some 600 miles in length from east to west, forms a sort of geographical axis across the sub-continent and was, as ancient as a notable focus of human activity. Beside the middle reaches stands the town of Maheshwar, at a point where an old route from the northern plains crossed by ferry on its way to Baroda. The early status of Maheshwar is indicated by its seeming occurrence, as Mahishmati, in the epic literature of India; and archaeologically its high and widespread mounds equally attest its former importance. On the opposite bank a smaller mound, at a spot known as Navadatoli (Fig. 1), marks the southern end of the arterial ferry. It is here that the writer and Dr. B. Subbarao, of the (Continued below, left)

FIG. 3. A CLAY POT-REST WITH A SIMPLY DECORATED SIDE. THE FLOORS WERE OF EARTH MADE HARD AND INSECT-PROOF WITH A SMOOTHED SPREADING OF LIME.

## OF 1000 B.C. DISCOVERED IN CENTRAL INDIA.



FIG. 7. THE WHITE AND CREAM SLIP WARE OF NAVADATOLI IS PAINTED IN THIS FASHION WITH PLEASING FORMAL DESIGNS OR LIVELY THOUGH CRUDE ANIMAL MOTIFS OF SEVERAL KINDS.



(Above) FIG. 9. A VARIETY OF THE PEACOCKS, CAPRIDES, AND OTHER ANIMALS FREQUENTLY AMONG THOSE PAINTED ON THE WHITE AND CREAM SLIP WARE OF NAVADATOLI. SEE ALSO FIGS. 11, 12 AND 13.



*Continued.* the spreading of lime which was often carried up the walls. One of the rooms contained pot-rests of decorated clay (Fig. 3). An analysis of the pottery made and the detailed report to follow will mention the interesting history of the site, and the kind of goods found. Unpainted ware is confined to large plates and storage jars, which are decorated with incised and appliquéd geometric, human and animal motifs (Figs. 5 and 6). Amongst the painted wares, the lower levels yield a small quantity of greyish black pottery which is externally painted in white. The middle and the lowest also yield a pottery painted in black over white or cream surface. Amongst the abundant black-on-red pottery attention may (Continued below).

(Left) FIG. 10. A VESSEL FOUND DURING THE LAST SEASON WHICH SHOWS MARKED INFLUENCE OF CHAMPAK, WITH FISH-MOUTH, NARROW NECK AND ROUND POT-BELLY. (A DRAWING.)



FIG. 11. POSSIBLY OF RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE: A STICK-LIKE HUMAN, PERHAPS A GOD, WITH A GOAT'S HEAD.



FIG. 12. A FRIEZE OF HUMAN FIGURES, IN A "STICK AND PINHEAD" MANNER FAMILIAR TO EVERY SCHOOLBOY.



FIG. 13. HERE 'STICK MEN' OF THE SAME TYPE AS FIGS. 11 AND 12 APPEAR IN A FORMAL FRIEZE AND PERHAPS REPRESENT DANCERS.

(Continued) M.S. University of Baroda, with Dr. S. B. Deo and other colleagues and university students, have been carrying out productive excavations with the generous co-operation of the Government authorities and the Universities of Bombay and Poona. The mound of Navadatoli is about 300 by 200 yards in extent, and its artificial height is perhaps a dozen feet. Its topmost level is marked by a series of mounds, each consisting of a cluster of the simple stone huts of the Early Iron Age of the Ganges plain and dating from the centuries before 500 B.C. This fits into the general pattern of cultural development hereabouts and needs no further comment. But under it is an interesting succession of occupations, four in number, by villagers who eked out a little imported copper by a continuing use of small implements of local chalcedony. The earliest phase of all, in fact, produced a notable hoard of copper axes (Fig. 4) of the simple flat type normal in India, where socketed forms never took root. This

and the following levels also yielded copper rings, bangles, fish-hooks, nail-parsers and pins, though never in great quantity. Alongside them were numbers of the chalcedony flakes, very often elaborated with some secondary working but mostly in the form of simple knife-blades or gravers 2 ins. or less in length. Larger stone objects include mace-heads, rubbers and worn saddle-querns, together with a few fragments of polished chalcedony, which may be picks for digging-sticks. That the inhabitants cultivated their rich black soil is shown also by the abundant wheat, rice, lentils, peas, and beans recovered from their hut-floors, the grains and seeds occurring in increasing variety as time went on. The huts themselves were indifferently circular or rectangular in plan (Fig. 2), and sometimes the former replaced the latter. The house-walls were of closely-set wooden posts, enclosed by a bamboo screen and covered with mud. The floors were smoothed, hard and insect-proof, by (Continued above, right)

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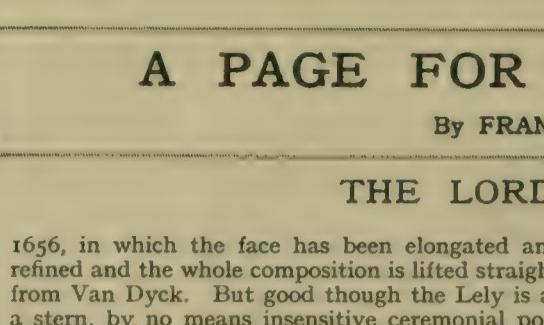
PASSIONS, even in this century of snarling violence, can still be stirred by old, unhappy far-off things, and I shall not be in the least surprised to discover that quite a number of people, who have long since succumbed to the charm of the House of Stuart, take little pleasure in a special loan exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery, which will remain open until the last day of October. Oliver Cromwell died, aged fifty-nine, on September 3, 1658—the anniversary of both Dunbar and Worcester—and the tercentenary has been marked by a ceremony at his statue outside Westminster Hall and by this exhibition of forty-five contemporary portraits. On the whole, I should say that the Lord Protector during those few, short years when he was at the helm—and it is difficult to remember that no one had heard of him until he was forty—was served faithfully by those who attempted his portrait. I should be inclined to be even more emphatic, not to say eccentric, and assert that



CROMWELL—THE FIRST KNOWN STATE OF "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN" PLATE ENGRAVED BY P. LOMBART BEFORE 1658 AS A PORTRAIT OF CROMWELL. LOMBART COPIED LELY'S HEAD OF CROMWELL AND PUT IT ON VAN DYCK'S BODY AND HORSE OF CHARLES I.

he was better served than Charles I. Charles employed a genius, Van Dyck, who gave to posterity romantic, impossibly handsome versions of a well-bred person of no great intelligence, creating a legend rather than a portrait. It is intriguing to speculate what Van Dyck would have made of Oliver's homespun features had he lived. That strange, sombre commanding presence might have shamed him out of his more subtle flatteries.

As it is, there is the fine, and one feels somehow, the honest portrait by Peter Lely, Van Dyck's most accomplished pupil—the signed one (and the best of many versions) lent by the Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery which, as it shows him as Protector, originated in '53 or '54. I am indebted to the catalogue for providing me with the reference for this famous story. The earliest recording is by George Vertue about 1721; here it is. Oliver Cromwell to Peter Lely: "Mr. Lilly I desire you woud use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me and not Flatter me at all. But (pointing to his own face) remark all these ruffness, pimples warts & everything as you see me. Otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it." I doubt whether Lely ever painted a more sincere and moving portrait during the whole of his vastly successful career. It is certainly incomparably better than any of the portraits by Robert Walker between 1649 and



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### THE LORD PROTECTOR.

1656, in which the face has been elongated and refined and the whole composition is lifted straight from Van Dyck. But good though the Lely is as a stern, by no means insensitive ceremonial portrait of the master of the state, careworn and dignified, it is surely less revealing than the beautiful little miniature by Samuel Cooper, lent by the Duke of Buccleuch.

This appears to be Cooper's "master-sketch" from the life which he kept himself and from which he made up finished versions for sale. The catalogue suggests a date of about 1653, though I should have thought it might be a year or two earlier. What is surely remarkable about this miniature is its intimate character. From all one has read about Oliver—not merely what historians have said about him, but what he has revealed about himself in those tortuous writings of his in which he seems to be wrestling with his very soul—one forms the impression that he must have been an extremely difficult person, hag-ridden by Old Testament imagery, obsessed by the conviction that he was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon and rendered more than ever convinced of Divine Guidance by events. In this miniature

of all available evidence—may well prove to be an uncommonly faithful version of the profile. Anti-Cromwellians, nursing their prejudices, will point out that the hypothetical Oliver is creasing his forehead in astonishment at finding a laurel wreath round his head; none the less, I shall continue to admire this coin and to believe that it brings us very near to the man as he was.

Simon also designed a new Great Seal of England, apparently three of them. The first, rushed through in 1649, showed the Commons in session on one side and a map of England on the other; the second was similar but of better quality, and the third was the seal of the Lord Protector—on one side the arms of the Commonwealth with Cromwell's own arms among them, on the other the figure of Cromwell mounted and armed—*i.e.*, the age-old monarchical tradition. Casts from the Public Record Office show the Second Commonwealth seal, and the first seal of the Lord Protector.

Some of the engravings are revealing and amusing, derived, like the line engraving of 1741 by



HEADLESS—A UNIQUE IMPRESSION OF THE SECOND STATE OF "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN" PLATE, WHICH WAS LATER ALSO USED FOR PORTRAITS OF LOUIS XIV AND GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN. (The British Museum.)



CHARLES I—THE SIXTH STATE OF "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN" PLATE. FIVE STATES OF THIS PLATE ARE INCLUDED IN THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS OF OLIVER CROMWELL AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, ABOUT WHICH

FRANK DAVIS WRITES HERE. (The British Museum.)

Baron, from the famous Van Dyck equestrian portrait of Charles I now at Windsor. Then came a curious sequence. Before 1658 P. Lombart—no great genius—copied Peter Lely's head of Cromwell, altered sash and collar, and put it on the body and horse of Charles. This is the first known state of the Lombart print. The second state (headless and a unique impression lent by the British Museum) is next to it, as also the fifth state (Cromwell), then the sixth state (Charles) and, finally, the seventh state (Cromwell again). Later the same print, after the Van Dyck original, with further alterations of the head, was used thrifitily to serve for three portraits of Louis XIV and one of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. But there is nothing out of the way in this cutting down of overheads—no pun is intended. There is an engraving of Oliver by Faithorne, of 1658, also from the British Museum Print Room, entitled magniloquently "The Embleme of England's Distractions as also of her attained and further expected Freedome and Happines," which served also for William III after 1688; and an interesting Dutch print, originally a portrait of Camphuysen until it was altered to represent Cromwell. The last of the engravings is a mezzotint of 1745, a portrait of Cromwell and Lambert, after a portrait by Walker. The exhibition is completed by the loan of various books and pamphlets from Mr. Isaac Foot's library.

Other portraits I found no less fascinating were the various medals by Thomas Simon (1618-1665), who attracted Cromwell's attention when sent north to make a medal of him after the Battle of Dunbar, and became his personal medallist during the Protectorate. Even more interesting because unfamiliar is a series of coins—half a dozen of them—also designed by Simon. They were never, it appears, put into circulation, but what admirable things they are!—good, simple lettering, plenty of space round the head, and what—by a study

## THE TERCENTENARY OF CROMWELL'S DEATH.



"OLIVER CROMWELL (1599-1658)": ONE OF SEVERAL PORTRAITS BY ROBERT WALKER (D. 1658), WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EARLIEST AUTHENTICATED PORTRAITS OF CROMWELL AND WAS A CLOSE IMITATOR OF VAN DYCK.

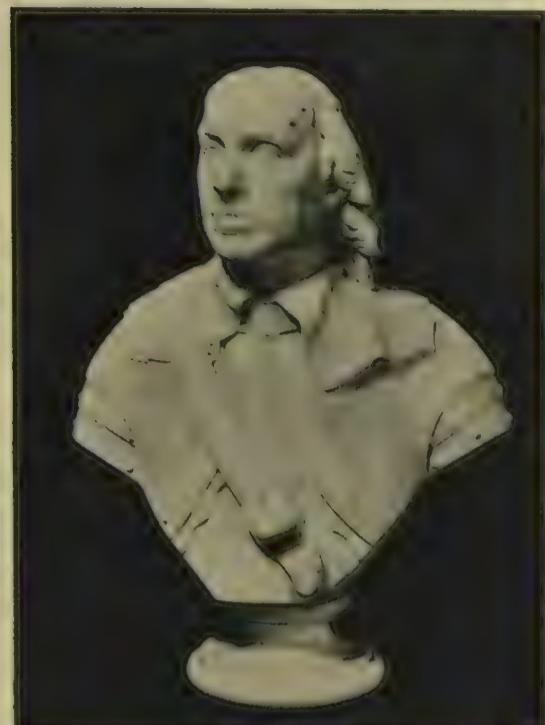
(Oil on canvas: 49½ by 40 ins.) (The National Portrait Gallery.)



WITH "ALL THESE RUFFNESS, PIMPLES WARTS AND EVERYTHING AS YOU SEE ME": THE BEST OF SEVERAL EXISTING VERSIONS OF SIR PETER LELY'S PORTRAIT OF CROMWELL, WHICH ORIGINATED IN ABOUT 1653-54. IT SHOWS CROMWELL AS PROTECTOR, AND HAS SIMILARITIES TO COOPER'S MINIATURE PORTRAIT.

(Oil on canvas: 30 by 25 ins.) (Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery.)

## A PORTRAIT EXHIBITION, AND OTHER MEMENTOES.

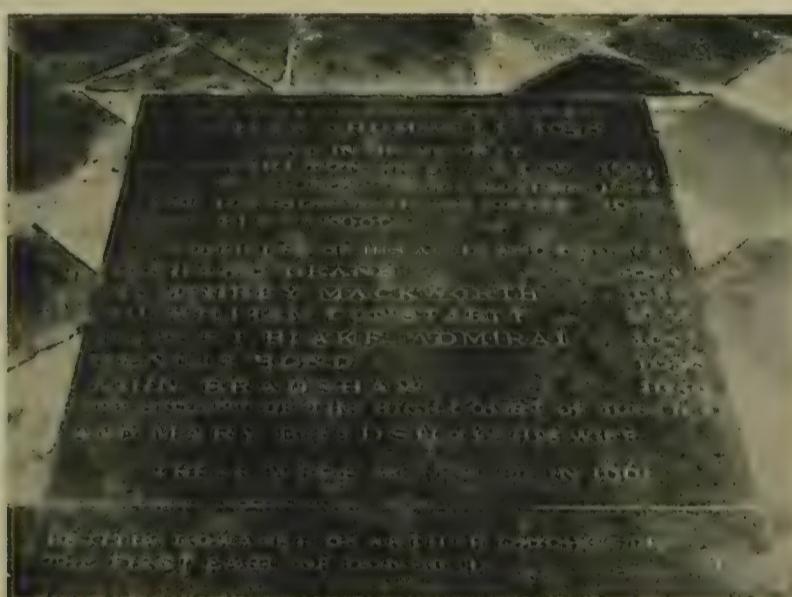


WITH A CURIOUS DEPRESSION IN CROMWELL'S LEFT TEMPLE, WHICH MAY BE DUE TO A FLAW IN THE MARBLE: EDWARD PIERCE'S MARBLE BUST OF CROMWELL—PERHAPS THE ORIGINAL FROM WHICH MANY BRONZE CASTS DERIVE (ALL WITH THE SAME DEPRESSION).

(Height, 30½ ins.) (The Earl of Wemyss.)



AN OUTSTANDING MINIATURE OF CROMWELL: SAMUEL COOPER'S "MASTER-SKETCH" FROM THE LIFE, FROM WHICH HE MADE FINISHED VERSIONS FOR SALE. (Actual size.) (The Duke of Buccleuch.)

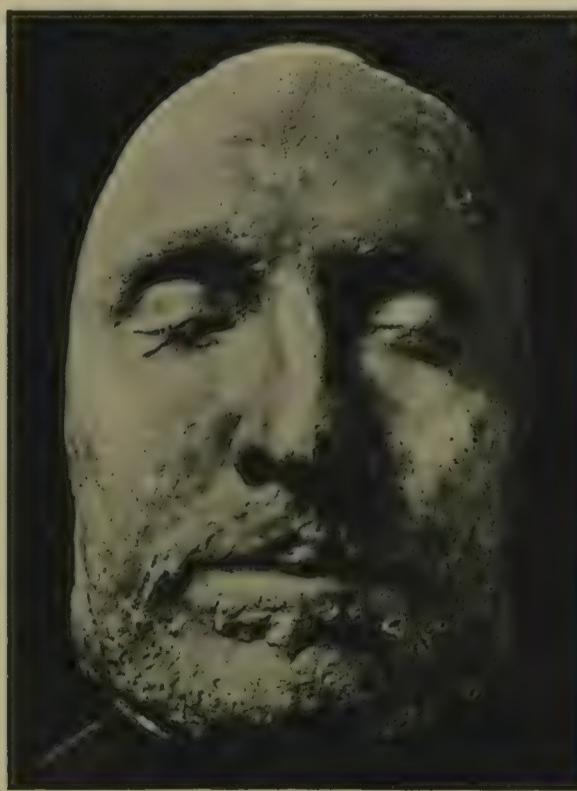


IN THE EAST CHAPEL OF THE HENRY VII CHAPEL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE FLOOR TABLET MARKING THE VAULT WHERE OLIVER CROMWELL WAS ORIGINALLY BURIED, WITH SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS. THE BODIES WERE REMOVED IN 1661.

(By courtesy of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey.)

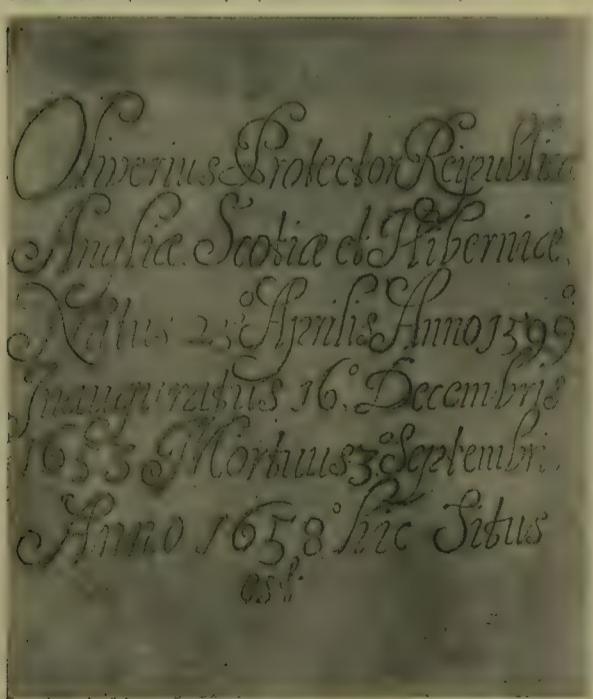


AN IMPRESSIVE PROFILE PORTRAIT OF CROMWELL: THE OBVERSE OF A GOLDEN BROAD OF 1656, DESIGNED BY THOMAS SIMON, PERSONAL MEDALLIST TO THE PROTECTOR. (Enlarged: diameter c. 1 in.) (A. H. Baldwin and Sons Ltd.)



TAKEN WITHIN A FEW DAYS OF OLIVER CROMWELL'S DEATH ON SEPTEMBER 3, 1658: THE PROTECTOR'S DEATH-MASK.

(The London Museum.)



KEPT BY THE SERGEANT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WHEN CROMWELL'S COFFIN WAS DUG UP IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE GILT BRASS COFFIN-PLATE. (The London Museum.)

Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, died on a calm afternoon after a violent storm on September 3, 1658, the anniversary of two of his last victories—Dunbar (1650) and Worcester (1651). The tercentenary of his death was marked by a Service at his statue outside the Houses of Parliament, which was followed by the opening of the "Loan Exhibition of the Principal Contemporary Portraits of Oliver Cromwell" at the National Portrait Gallery. The portraits illustrated on this page are all included in the exhibition, which

continues until October 31, and about which Frank Davis writes in his article this week. The coffin-plate, death-mask and funeral escutcheon are from the London Museum and are displayed there at present. Cromwell's funeral effigy was robed and crowned at the funeral, though the crown was only on a chair at its head when the body lay in state. The arms on the hearse escutcheon, as well as those on the back of the coffin-plate, are surmounted by a crown—further proof of how close Cromwell had come to assuming the Royal title.



BEARING THE PROTECTOR'S ARMS SURMOUNTED BY A CROWN: ONE OF THE FUNERAL ESCUTCHEONS FROM HIS HEARSE. (The London Museum.)



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### SQUIRRELS EAT TOADSTOOLS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

FIVE years ago, a tearing wind brought the top of a large silver birch to the ground leaving the 12-ft. stump of its trunk pointing to the sky. The branches, lying on the ground, have all but disappeared under the carpet of leaves growing thicker with each fall, under the brambles and the bracken that have grown up each year and have later died over it. Their substance is being slowly returned to the earth whence it came. The trunk also is showing signs of decay. Beetle larvæ have bored their tunnels through it, and woodpeckers have made holes in it searching for the grubs. And this year the derelict trunk bears a fine series of bracket fungi, advertising to all the world that this once solid wood is now riddled with the fine filaments of a fungus. The once firm timber is in its final stages, soft and spongy and crumbling to the touch.

The origins of life and the course of its unfolding may be subjects for speculation and theory, but there is one indisputable fact, that the inception of life on the earth must have been closely followed by the agents of decay. We need only to look around the world as it is to-day to realise that if every animal carcase and every tree that falls remained imperishable life would soon be stifled by the mere accumulation on the earth of lifeless things. The scavengers are many and the foremost of them, the bacteria and the fungi, are humble in the scale of life. Their destructive work results also in putting back into currency the materials essential to further life.

All this is elementary knowledge, but it is, none the less, worthy of re-examination, and as autumn brings its magnificent crop of mushrooms and toadstools of many sizes, shapes and colours, we recall that these living umbrellas are no more than the fruiting bodies thrown up by the tangle of threads growing underground, or ramifying through the substance of dead or dying wood, that are turning dead material into a new source of life. Fungi lack the green chlorophyll of other plants and must take food already elaborated. Fungi also differ from more familiar plants in having no flowers. Mushrooms and toadstools, as we know them, are the device for spreading future generations of fungi. They carry spores, the fungal equivalent of seeds, which are shed when ripe to be scattered by the wind or to be eaten by animals, which presumably carry the spores away to deposit them elsewhere.

Those known to eat fungi include slugs, mites, flies and many other insects, lizards, squirrels, rabbits, badgers, pigs and deer. In many of these, any association between the animal and the spreading of the fungal spores is probably no more than haphazard, but that is hardly true of truffles, which are wholly subterranean and are dug up by a number of animals from pig to bear. Even closer associations are seen as with the wood wasp which lays its eggs in pines, the grubs hatching from these spending their time tunnelling in the trunks of the pines. The female wood wasp carries the spores of a fungus on her ovipositor—how they get there is not known—and the egg becomes infected with

these as it is laid. The filaments germinating from the spores grow ahead of the larva hatching from the egg; they work on the wood and make it available to the wood wasp grub as digestible food.

The work of the squirrel is not so neatly dovetailed with the interests of the fungus, but there must be a good deal of spore-dispersal from its efforts. A few weeks ago I saw a grey squirrel run across a road passing through a wood. It was carrying a large toadstool, in its mouth, but, startled, no doubt, on seeing me, it dropped the fungus at the farther side of the road and quickly

they have been seen to eat several different kinds of mushrooms and toadstools.

There are reports of squirrels in North America collecting fungi, setting them out on branches to dry and afterwards putting them aside in stores, presumably to eke out the lean times of winter. One such store, found in British Columbia, consisted of eight small cavities hollowed out in a very dry old stump of a pine. Six of the cavities were filled with toadstools in a perfect state of preservation and were thoroughly dry, and the total number of toadstools counted was fifty-nine, representing thirteen species.

How much nutrient would be contained in such a store is difficult to say. Analyses have shown that fungi contain between 80 and 90 per cent. water, about 8 per cent. carbohydrate, 5 per cent. nitrogen, 1 per cent. fat and the same amount of mineral salts. On the other hand, a number of them contain a surprisingly high content of vitamin D, which is present in very small quantities, or completely lacking, in other vegetable foods. At least one of the toadstools taken by the grey squirrel in Britain has a very high vitamin D content.

The whole subject of fungi is a very wide one; even the account of associations with animals would be lengthy. There are those that are poisonous as well as those that are beneficial, those that nourish animals and those that kill them by becoming parasitic on them. Certain insect larvæ that burrow into the earth to pupate carry with them spores of a fungus which, on germinating, permeates their tissues so completely that only the outer husk of the insect is left. Cockchafer, which spend their larval life underground, emerge from the pupa in the spring, but many fail to come to the surface, and in some years, in digging the garden, one finds numbers of them dead, with a white fungus growing out of the body. More obvious, and especially at this time of the year, are the houseflies dead with a white halo around the body, the victims of another parasitic fungus.



ENJOYING A TOADSTOOL: A GREY SQUIRREL, ONE OF THE ANIMALS WHICH ARE KNOWN TO EAT SEVERAL DIFFERENT KINDS. AUTUMN'S CROP OF TOADSTOOLS BRINGS COLOUR TO THE COUNTRYSIDE AND FOOD FOR A WIDE RANGE OF ANIMALS, FROM INSECT GRUBS TO THE LARGER FOUR-FOOTED BEASTS.

Photograph by Jane Burton.

made its escape up the nearest tree. A fair part of the toadstool had already been eaten and there were numerous marks of the squirrel's teeth on the portion still remaining. I walked back along the route taken by the squirrel and eventually found the clump from which this one particular toadstool had been taken. All the others in the clump had been sampled, and there were signs around of some having been broken and scattered and of others having been carried away. Altogether it would seem that this squirrel found the fungi extremely attractive.

It was not my fault that the squirrel dropped its burden and ran for safety. As soon as I saw it I stopped and would have liked to see it continue on its route in the hope of finding out what it was doing with the toadstool, but although I went back to the spot later, I could carry the observation no further. It may possibly have been creating a store of toadstools. So far as I know, this has not been recorded for squirrels in this country, although

The most spectacular association between fungus and animal is seen in the mushroom-growing ants. The workers take fragments of leaf into the nest and these are deposited in special chambers. Other workers chew the leaf to form a compost. Fungus spores of several kinds are already on the leaves when they are brought in, but the workers in charge of the hotbeds weed out all but the one fungus needed. Moreover, they prevent it from throwing up fruiting bodies to the surface and, as a consequence, special growths appear on the fungal filaments and these are eaten by the ants. There is nothing accidental about this if we are to judge from the way the ants regulate the conditions in the "mushroom-chambers," opening up new tunnels to ventilate them if the air becomes too moist, or closing the tunnels to conserve the moisture if there is a chance of the fungus drying up. Careful experiments, carried out in the laboratory, with all the resources of modern science, to find out how the ants do this, have so far proved unsuccessful. The fungi have died in a few days.

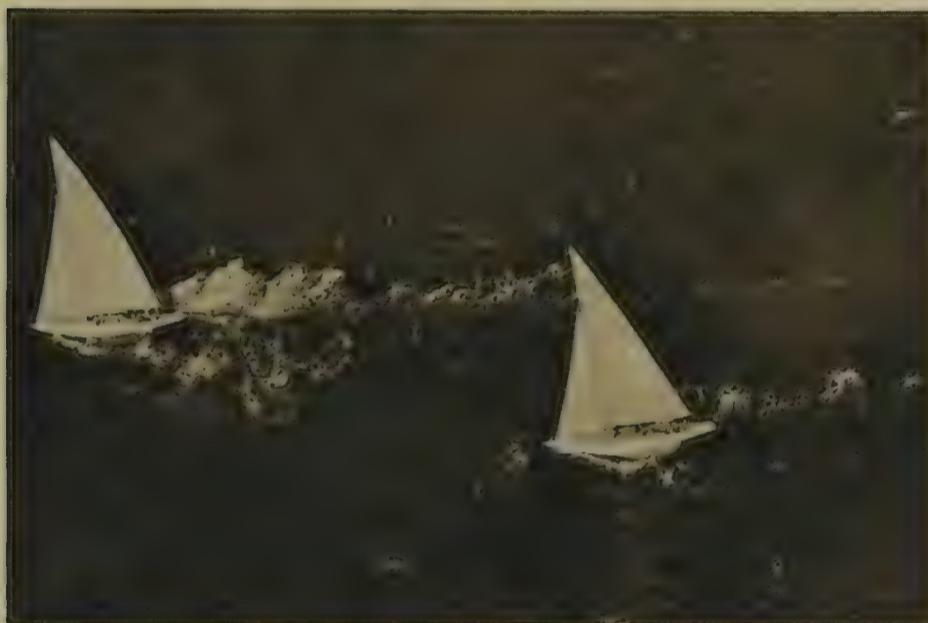
**THE AMERICA'S CUP: SCEPTRE AND COLUMBIA—  
THE LAST STAGES OF PREPARATION AND TRIALS.**



(Left.)  
THE BRITISH CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: SCEPTRE (R.) DURING PRACTICE RACING AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, WITH THE AMERICAN 12-METRE YACHT, GLEAM. GLEAM IS A SOMEWHAT SLOWER BOAT.



(Right.)  
SIDE BY SIDE: SCEPTRE (K.17) WITH GLEAM OFF RHODE ISLAND. IN ORDER TO PRACTISE CLOSE TACTICS, SCEPTRE WAS SLOWED DOWN WITH A CANVAS BUCKET AND FENDER TOWED ASTERN.



IN THE DING-DONG SERIES OF CONTESTS AS TO WHO SHOULD REPRESENT THE U.S. AND DEFEND THE

AMERICA'S CUP: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING COLUMBIA (RIGHT) IN PURSUIT OF VIM.



A NICE TEST FOR HELMSMANSHIP: VIM (LEFT) AND COLUMBIA (US.16) AVOID COLLISION BY INCHES DURING ONE OF THE DECIDING RACES.



DURING A RACE WHICH COLUMBIA EVENTUALLY WON: COLUMBIA (RIGHT) TRAILING THE 17-YEAR-OLD VIM, WHEN BOTH HAD SPINNAKERS SET.



ROUNDING A U.S. NAVY TUG, VIM AND COLUMBIA DURING THEIR RACE ON SEPTEMBER 9. VIM HERE HAS THE INSIDE CURVE, BUT LATER HAD SAIL TROUBLE AND LOST.

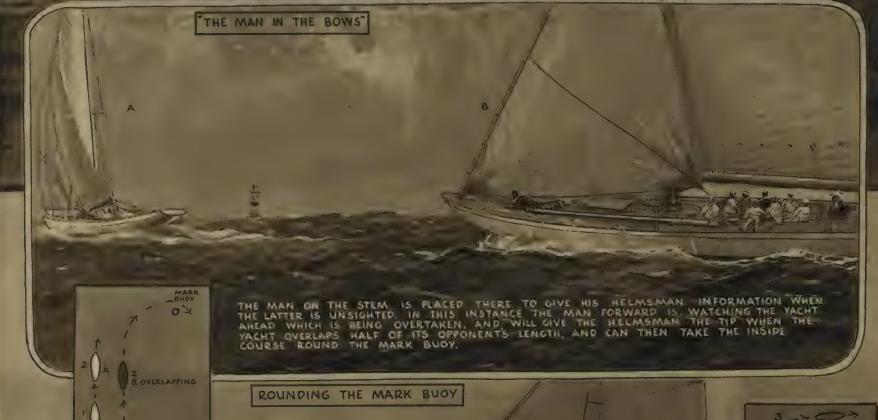
It was not until September 11 that, after a most exciting and close series of trial races, *Columbia* was chosen to represent the United States as defender of the America's Cup against the British challenger *Sceptre*. In the earlier stages the seventeen-year-old *Vim* seemed to be the better boat, but as *Columbia*'s crew gained in experience together, the new yacht began to assert herself. This vital factor of crewmanship is one of those illustrated in the

series of drawings on pages 484-485. The British yacht *Sceptre* has meanwhile been practising tactical racing against the slower U.S. yacht *Gleam*, retarding herself for the purpose with a canvas bucket and fender towed astern. Both *Vim* and *Columbia* were designed by Mr. Olin Stephens, *Sceptre* being designed by Mr. D. Boyd. The last week before the races for the Cup, which begin to-day (September 20), brought a lull for the crews.



THE YACHTS HAVE BORNE AWAY TO FULL SPEED UPON THE STARTING SIGNAL. PURPOSEFULLY SAILLED INTO N°2'S BACK-WIND, SO AS TO DELAY THE PROGRESS OF N°2 NEAR THE LINE, AND KEEP IN POSITION FOR A GOOD START.

THE SKIPIER OF N°1 HAS INDIVISIOUS USE OF STOP-WATCH AND NAVIGATIONAL SKILL HAS SO JUDGED HIS POSITION THAT AT THE STARTING SIGNAL HE IS ABLE TO CROSS THE LINE AT FULL SPEED HIS OPPONENT (N°2) LAUGHS LOITERING NEAR THE LINE, SHE ONLY START AT REDUCED SPEED.



THE MAN ON THE STEM IS PLACED THERE TO GIVE HIS HELMSMAN INFORMATION WHEN THE LATTER IS INSTRUCTED. THIS INSTRUCTED MAN IS ABOARD, WATCHING THE YACHT AND WHICH IS SECOND OVER-TAKEN, AND WILL GIVE THE HELMSMAN THE TIP WHEN THE YACHT OVERLAPS HALF OF ITS OPPONENT'S LENGTH, AND CAN THEN TAKE THE INSIDE COURSE ROUND THE MARK BUOY.



IT IS ALL IMPORTANT SO TO MANEUVRE THE YACHT WHEN NEARING THE MARK BUOY THAT YOU START THE TURN BEFORE YOU REACH THE MARK AND COMPLETE IT AS YOU PASS. IF YOUR TURN IS ONLY HALF COMPLETED AS YOU PASS THE MARK, YOUR OPPONENT MAKES A CORRECT TURN, YOU MAY FIND HIM ON YOUR WEATHER QUARTER WITH HIS WIND CLEAR AFTER ROUNDING.



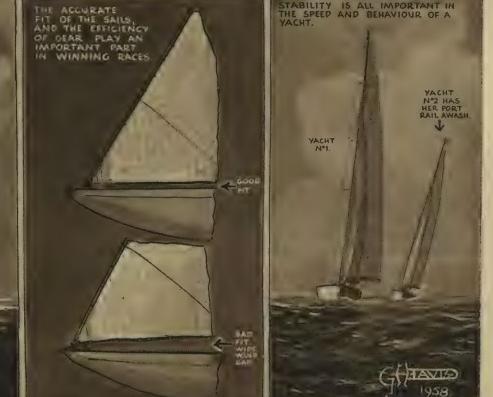
QUARTER WAVES SET UP BY THE LEADING YACHT HAVE A RETARDED EFFECT ON THE YACHT ASTERN, AND THE SKIPPER MUST STEER YACHT N°1 MANOEUVRES TO KEEP HER OPPONENT IN HER QUARTER WAVE, WHILEST THE SKIPPER OF N°2 WILL TRY AND CLOSE THE GAP BETWEEN THE VESSELS OR, FAILING THIS, MUST STEER AWAY TO PORT OR STARBOARD.



THE CREW OF YACHT N°1 HAVE HER SPINNAKER OUT AND DRAWING PROPERLY, WHILST THE CREW OF YACHT N°2 ARE STILL STRUGGLING TO GET THEIRS OUT. ACCORDINGLY, YACHT N°1 DRAWS AWAY FROM HER RIVAL.



IF YOU ARE THE LEADING BOAT WHEN THE BREEZE FRESHENS OR SOFTENS ENOUGH TO WARRANT A CHANGE OF HEADSEALS, WAIT UNTIL YOUR OPPONENT COMMENCES TO SHIFT HIS SAILS. THE MOMENT HE COMMENCES TO DO SO, DO LIKEWISE. IN THIS WAY MOST OF YOUR LEAD IS MAINTAINED.



The tactics of yacht-racing: factors which could make all the difference

to achieve, then the helmsman astern must steer clear of the retarding waves and so lose distance. Other factors which have led to defeat in the past are badly-fitting sails and even the fact that one yacht has had her wetted surface polished and greased with meticulous care while her opponent has had less care spent on her underwater hull. Stability likewise plays a part, as water over the deck always tends to retard a yacht's speed. Skill and tactics are in this extremely important, and a skipper of costly yacht may nevertheless be defeated by a slower boat with a skipper of greater tactical skill and a better crew under his command. The choice of *Columbia* as the American defender was made under September 11. Photographs of both boats appear on page 483.

Drawn by our Special

The races for the America's Cup are due to start to-day (September 20); and although naturally the first and most interesting point is whether Britain can change this country's luck and defeat the American defender, the second point of interest will be how and why the winner won and what were her tactics. The famous American yachtsman, Mr. H. S. Vanderbilt, who played such an important part in the pre-war defence of the Cup, in his remarkable book "On the Wind's Highway," has laid especial stress on the very important part played by tactics, crewmanship and the like in a contest between yachts of approximately equal speed; and it is such points that our artist illustrates here. Many races are won or lost at the start; and time and distance judging on

## IN SCEPTRE'S ATTEMPT TO WIN THE AMERICA'S CUP FROM THE AMERICAN DEFENDER.

how far to go away from the starting-line before turning back so as to cross at full speed when the signal is given, is obviously extremely important. "Hugging" or "loitering" on the line has cost many a fast yacht the victory. Experienced skippers use many manoeuvres to delay their speed, such as sailing into an opponent's back-wind so as to be close to the line yet ready to get away at full speed. They may blanket an opponent near the start, make him start prematurely or block him in such a way that he can not start until the other is away. Often a member of the crew is stationed on the stern during these manoeuvres to call directions to the helmsman when the latter is temporarily unsighted—and similarly during the race when the helmsman is temporally unsighted.

Drawn by G. H. Davis, S.M.A.

# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## BATTLES-ROYAL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT might have puzzled both the shades of Mary Queen of Scots and of John Knox to know that a play about the Queen of "a thousand witcheries . . . felled without ruth at Fotheringay" was acted, for the last two weeks of the Edinburgh Festival, in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland. From Princes Street we looked across to a great poster on the Mound that proclaimed "Mary Stuart": certainly the right name for Edinburgh, even if it was hardly an appropriate stage. The play has just come now to London—the Old Vic's first departure from Shakespeare for five years.

I confess that when I knew the Vic company would open its season with a version of Schiller's drama, my heart misgave me. Not that I feared the quality of a translation by Stephen Spender: it was simply that, having met the play only on sound-radio, and in its first English version (by a contemporary of Schiller) I could not fully imagine its quality in the theatre. This was untrustful of me; because the piece was for long one of the showpieces of the international stage, and was clearly meant to be heard and seen.

Surprisingly, its past on the stage has not been fully recognised during recent weeks. Schiller wrote it in 1800. It was put into English during the following year by Joseph Mellish, whose version was broadcast not long ago. I remember observing at the time that it sounded very well in spite of one or two echoes such as "The heavens lour black and heavy" and "Away from this abode of misery and death." The chronicler Genest wrote of this version when he called the meeting between the rival Queens at Fotheringay "absurd." I cannot imagine a less felicitous adjective. Historical truth does not invariably make historical drama, and Schiller had every right to invent for his own purpose, and to provide the great theatrical scene in which Mary and Elizabeth confront each other in the park; Mary, beginning as a suppliant, is goaded to furious wrath that extinguishes whatever hope she cherished.

This was the scene that Rachel, in a French text, acted with so superb a flash-and-outbreak when she had her duel with the over-bold Maxime. The actress had sought to challenge Rachel's position. Playing Elizabeth, she was swept from the stage in the kind of battle-royal we never meet in these days. Just a hundred years ago, Ristori appeared in London in the Italian version, "Maria Stuarda." Henry Morley spoke in memorable terms of the last act when Ristori's eyes were "nervously fixed on the cross as if she dared not loose herself from it for an instant, lest again some of the old worldly turbulence arise within her." Some may have recalled this during Irene Worth's final scene with Melvil in the current production.

Helena Modjeska acted Mary in an English text by Lewis Wingfield at the Court in 1880; but we have had to wait until now for a new treatment of the play which Stephen Spender, it seems to me, has managed most aptly. This is not a night for the poetic flourish, the gleam of phrase. It is essentially a romantic melodrama, one that can develop extraordinary excitement if it is allowed to thrust steadily forward. Spender has loyally allowed it to do so. The version (which Peter Wood, the director, has arranged for the theatre) comes to us suitably cut and tightened. The result gives an opportunity for full-scale, out-and-out acting in a mode that will doubtless annoy all who, in poetic drama, like (as an expressive Cornish term has it) to be tossed up in mist. We

are never mist-bound in "Mary Stuart." The Old Vic company, on the stage of the Assembly Hall, went at the piece with a fine forthright drive: it did one good to watch and to listen.

Students of the period may groan. But this is nothing more than a theatrical tale to be told. Schiller's bicentenary is next year: I believe (in sackcloth) that the Vic, in anticipating it with this production, has done the right thing. Certainly we are permitted to watch Irene Worth and

"more like one of the French Medici," and a Victorian drama critic, Dutton Cook, felt that passages in the play were so "thoroughly un-English" that they might have been devised by Victor Hugo.

Never mind: in the theatre Elizabeth has her dramatic ring. The play reaches us as a royal acting conflict, and for this (and for the buttressing performances of Kenneth Mackintosh, John Phillips, Ernest Thesiger, Jack May and the others) we can be grateful to an overdue revival. Playgoers who are unashamed of the theatre theatrical will enjoy "Mary Stuart": I enjoyed it greatly, and look forward to it at the Old Vic. Peter Wood will be able there to let us have the play without the visual difficulties unavoidable in the Edinburgh Assembly Hall, where there can be too much "masking" for our contentment.

The other battle-royal of Edinburgh—I shall think of this year as the players' festival—came in Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" at the Lyceum. This is O'Neill's terrifying study of his own family at a period immediately before the First World War. He wrote it, during 1940, in "tears and blood." "Facing his dead," he put upon the stage such a fury of domestic drama as we have not met since Strindberg. Originally, the piece was too long; it has been cut, but even so it is a ferocious experience.

These "haunted Tyrones," guilt-laden, bitter, unhappy, hopeless—the epithets string on—fight away the long day's journey, tormenting each other, tormenting themselves, drinking, doping, pinning, smothered in self-pity. Outside, fog covers the world. Within, there is no light. It is a play that never lets up: O'Neill, writing on remorselessly, is releasing his soul in a picture of scenes he lived through himself (for he is the younger boy, neurotic and consumptive). He wrote the play, so he said, "with deep pity and understanding and forgiveness for all the haunted Tyrones." It is true that, at journey's end, we know these people as thoroughly as we have known any stage characters of recent years: the drug-addict mother who drifts off through the night upon clouds of morphine, the self-deceiving father (who had been an actor), the drunken elder son, the feverish younger one: failures all. Undeniably a haunted play, violent and repetitive though it is: it will live for me—and I wait with anxiety for the London production—in the acting of Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as the wife who must go back forever into her past. Ian Bannen and Alan Bates express the frenzy of the sons, and Anthony Quayle, though it is not really his part, will probably grow into a likeness of the father: clearly he understands the part, but his own temperament, and that of the man, are at odds. This makes an uncanny night, and one that José Quintero, the American director, has known how to heighten.

I cannot say much of Gerard McLarnon's "The Bonefire" (a County Tyrone pronunciation), the Ulster Group Theatre's contribution to the Festival. One can regret, maybe, that so distinguished a director as Tyrone Guthrie—and we do not meet enough of his work nowadays—has wasted himself upon so undistinguished a play: a noisy, chaotic affair about religious fanaticism in Northern Ireland. The idea was to harrow us with pity and terror: I found myself wondering what in the world the script of the piece might have looked like without Guthrie's art to strengthen it. It must have been a battle-royal to get it upon the stage.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"GARDEN DISTRICT" (Arts Theatre).—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, directed by Herbert Machiz. (September 16.)

"MARY STUART" (Old Vic).—The new season opens with Stephen Spender's version of Schiller's drama, direct from Edinburgh, and reviewed on this page. (September 17.)

"THE HEART'S A WONDER" (Westminster).—Musical version of "The Playboy of the Western World." (September 18.)



"THE PLAY REACHES US AS A ROYAL ACTING CONFLICT": MARY (IRENE WORTH, LEFT) AND ELIZABETH (CATHERINE LACEY) IN THE CONFRONTATION SCENE IN THE OLD VIC'S PRODUCTION OF SCHILLER'S "MARY STUART," WHICH OPENED AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL AND IS NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE OLD VIC THEATRE, IN LONDON.



"THE OTHER BATTLE-ROYAL OF EDINBURGH": EUGENE O'NEILL'S "LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT" (LYCEUM THEATRE, EDINBURGH)—A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) EDMUND, THE YOUNGER SON (ALAN BATES), CATHLEEN, THE IRISH MAID (ETAIN O'DELL), JAMES (IAN BANNEN), MRS. TYRONE (GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES), AND HER HUSBAND JAMES (ANTHONY QUAYLE).

Catherine Lacey in proud, full sail. Miss Worth has the sad, steady regality and the sudden flame of Mary of Scotland ("O belle et plus que belle!"), and Miss Lacey, who appears at one point to have been—how shall I put it?—wrought angrily in enamels, does not mitigate Schiller's idea of the Queen: an idea which, of course, has been contested hotly. Carlyle said of this Elizabeth that it was

Quintero, the American director, has known how to heighten.

## SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**ARSENAL AND ENGLAND FOOTBALLER :  
THE LATE MR. DAVID JACK.**

Mr. David Jack, a great Arsenal forward, died in London on September 10, aged 60. He had the distinction of scoring the first goal in a Cup Final played at Wembley, when his club, Bolton Wanderers, beat West Ham United in 1923. He transferred to Arsenal five years later, a transfer fee of £10,000 being paid. His last game for Arsenal was in 1934. He then became manager of Southend United.



**A FAMOUS EMIGRANT POET : THE LATE  
MR. ROBERT SERVICE.**

Mr. Robert W. Service, the poet whose "Songs of a Sourdough" and other similar verse earned him the title of "the Canadian Kipling," died last week at Lancieux, Brittany. He was 84. Mr. Service was born in Preston, Lancashire, the eldest of ten children. After working with the Commercial Bank of Scotland in Glasgow he emigrated to Canada when he was 21. "Songs of a Sourdough" appeared in 1907.



**A VICTORY SMILE: MAINE'S NEW GOVERNOR,  
CLINTON A. CLAUSEN.**

This photograph, taken in Waterville, Maine, U.S.A., on September 8, shows Mr. Clinton A. Clausen, a leading member of the Democratic Party, just after he had heard the news that he had defeated his Republican opponent, the former Maine Governor, Horace A. Hildreth, by 142,000 to 131,000 votes. The sweeping Democratic gains in Maine have caused anxiety to Republicans.



**A GREAT AUSTRALIAN BATSMAN :**

**THE LATE MR. CHARLES G. MACARTNEY.**  
Mr. C. G. Macartney, the most daring Australian batsman of his day, died on September 9 in Sydney at the age of 72. He was first noticed as an all-rounder but developed into a sparkling, hard-hitting batsman. He first came to England for Test-match cricket in 1909, and in the 35 Test-match performances of his career he made 2132 runs, with an average of 41. In 1921 he scored 345 against Notts.



**INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE : THE LATE  
SIR BENNETT HANCE.**

Lieut.-General Sir Bennett Hance, Director-General of the Indian Medical Service in the closing years of British authority and the last President of the Medical Board at the India Office, died on September 5, aged 71. He was born at Liscard, Cheshire, and educated at Oundle School, Cambridge, and Guy's Hospital. He passed into the Indian Medical Service in 1912 and served with Indian troops throughout the First World War.



**THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW CABINET, SHOWN IN A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE  
SWEARING-IN CEREMONY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE ON SEPTEMBER 2.**

The members are, sitting from left : Dr. T. E. Donges (Interior) ; Mr. P. O. Sauer (Lands and Water Affairs) ; Dr. H. F. Verwoerd (Premier) ; the Governor-General (Dr. E. C. Jansen) ; Mr. C. R. Swart (Justice) and Mr. E. H. Louw (External Affairs). Standing from left : Mr. J. J. Serfontein (Welfare) ; Mr. M. de Wet Nel (Education) ; Dr. A. J. R. van Rhijn (Mines) ; Sen. J. de Klerk (Labour) ; Mr. B. J. Schoeman (Transport) ; Mr. P. le Roux (Agriculture) ; Mr. F. C. Erasmus (Defence) and Mr. J. F. Naude (Finance).



**AFTER TERRORIST ATTACK IN PARIS :  
FRENCH INFORMATION MINISTER  
JACQUES SOUSTELLE.**

This photograph was taken on Sept. 15 when M. Jacques Soustelle, wearing strips of sticking plaster on his forehead, talked to the Press in Paris after he had been shot at by North African terrorists. Soustelle, the Government's strongest advocate of close integration between France and Algeria, was sitting in his car in central Paris when the machine-gunned opened fire.



**PRIME MINISTERS MEET AT 10, DOWNING STREET TO DISCUSS THE RECENT OUTBREAKS OF  
RACE RIOTING IN NOTTING HILL, LONDON.**

This photograph, taken inside 10, Downing Street, on September 12, shows, l. to r. : Dr. Patrick Solomon (Deputy Chief Minister of Trinidad) ; the Hon. Ram Karran (Minister for Communications, British Guiana) ; Mr. N. W. Manley (Chief Minister, Jamaica) ; Mr. Harold Macmillan, Dr. Carl la Corbinere (Deputy Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation) and Dr. H. E. H. Cummins (Premier of Barbados).



**OUTSIDE THEIR HOTEL IN LAUSANNE : QUEEN ZEIN, QUEEN MOTHER OF JORDAN, WITH  
KING HUSSEIN'S DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ALIYA (LEFT), AND TWO OF HER OWN CHILDREN.**  
Queen Zein, Queen Mother of Jordan, left Amman by air for Switzerland on September 1. She was accompanied by her granddaughter, 21-year-old Princess Aliya, only daughter of King Hussein, and by her daughter, Princess Basman. Her son, Prince Hassan, joined her later. It was stated that Queen Zein was to undergo medical treatment, and that her stay in Switzerland would be for an "indefinite period."

# A GREAT DAY FOR TONGA: THE SIGNING OF A NEW TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE KINGDOM OF TONGA, AT NUKU'ALOFA.



THE RESIDENCE OF QUEEN SALOTE, WHO SUCCEEDED HER FATHER IN 1918 : THE ROYAL PALACE AT NUKU'ALOFA, THE CAPITAL OF TONGA.



ARRIVING TO SIGN THE NEW TREATY : SIR RONALD GARVEY, GOVERNOR OF FIJI (RIGHT), BEING GREETED BY PRINCE TUNGI, PREMIER AND HEIR APPARENT OF TONGA. THE BRITISH AGENT AND CONSUL, MR. A. C. REID, IS ON THE LEFT.



CELEBRATING THE GREAT OCCASION AND ENTERTAINING THE ISLAND'S VISITORS : TONGA DANCERS PERFORMING A "LAKALAKA."



ON ARRIVAL AT THE ROYAL PALACE AT NUKU'ALOFA : SIR RONALD GARVEY, THE GOVERNOR OF FIJI, INSPECTING THE PALACE GUARD.



AT THE ROYAL FEAST GIVEN BY QUEEN SALOTE IN HONOUR OF THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY : SOME OF THE HUNDREDS OF GUESTS, WITH A HUGE ARRAY OF FOOD BEFORE THEM.



CHILDREN'S CORNER AT THE ROYAL FEAST : SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF PRINCE TUNGI, PRINCE TUIPELEHAKE, THE BRITISH AGENT, AND OTHER ISLAND NOTABLES WAIT FOR THE MEAL TO START.

On August 26 a new Treaty of Friendship between the United Kingdom and the Kingdom of Tonga was signed at Nuku'alofa, the capital of Tonga. Sir Ronald Garvey, Governor of Fiji, signed on behalf of the Queen, and the Prime Minister of Tonga, Prince Tungi, on behalf of his mother, Queen Salote, who won such great popularity when she came to this country for the Coronation. The Queen sent "her warmest good wishes" in a message to Queen

Salote, in which she said: "The association between our two States has for long been a happy one, and it is my sincere desire that the new treaty should strengthen the bonds of friendship between them." The Queen has also approved the promotion of Prince Tungi to K.B.E. Tonga, also known as the Friendly Islands, consists of a group of some 150 islands and islets, lying in the Pacific Ocean, east of Fiji. It has been an independent Polynesian



AT NUKU'ALOFA ON AUGUST 26 : SIR RONALD GARVEY AND PRINCE TUNGI SIGNING THE NEW TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP.



A PRESENTATION TO MARK THE GREAT DAY : THE GOVERNOR OF FIJI HANDING TO QUEEN SALOTE A MACE FOR USE IN THE TONGAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

kingdom since 1845. By the Anglo-German Agreement of 1899, subsequently accepted by the United States, the Tongan Islands were left under the Protectorate of Great Britain. This was confirmed by a treaty of friendship between the two countries in 1900, and it is this treaty that is being replaced and brought up to date by the new treaty, the chief practical effect of which is that the Tongan Government will have more control over the

internal affairs of the islands, while external affairs will, in general, remain the responsibility of the United Kingdom. Queen Salote succeeded her father, King George II, in 1918, and her rule has brought much good to the islanders, who number about 57,000 and are Christian. They enjoy free education, medical attendance and dental treatment. Tongan produce consists very largely of copra and bananas, of which considerable quantities are exported.



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### EDINBURGH—THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR

By ALAN DENT.

ON January 25 next year will fall the bicentenary of the birth of Robert Burns. This may possibly be news to the English, the Welsh, the Irish, the American and any other readers of our language. But for Scots, at home and the wide world over, the date is what the vastly inferior poet called Tennyson would have called "the one far-off divine event, to which the whole Creation moves," and they have for long been preparing for the celebration.

Books are being written and printed; odes—in that formidably difficult Burns stanza, so limited in its rhymes—are being pondered if not penned; concerts and dramatic entertainments are planned and even rehearsed already. In the world of radio and Television, projects are almost certainly afoot likewise. But what does the world of the cinema propose to do about this not unimportant occasion?

If it proposes to give us a full-length biographical film about Burns, it has been so unduly modest in its publicity that I have heard nothing about such a desirable project. Willingly would I write a scenario for this myself—at the drop of a hat with a purse in it! The Edinburgh Festival reveals, in point of fact, that Scotland is not particularly go-ahead in the matter of film-making. Two short films at previous Festivals, called "Waverley Steps" and "Tam o' Shanter" are still talked about, but are never revived. A third, "The Land of Robert Burns," seemed to me enchanting, and I would willingly see it again and again, if ever I saw it advertised anywhere. On the other hand, I would not willingly see again any one of the five films in this year's "All-Scottish Programme" which seemed mainly to be concerned with sport and industry.



THE "ACCOUNT OF A POOR SCREEN-STRUCK MARYLAND GIRL WHO ACHIEVED HER ONE AMBITION—TO BE A FAMOUS AND POPULAR FILM-STAR": "THE GODDESS"—THE SCENE AT THE MARRIAGE OF EMILY ANN FAULKNER (KIM STANLEY) TO JOHN TOWER (STEVE HILL). (LONDON PREMIERE: CURZON CINEMA, AUGUST 15.)

Full well I know that the Edinburgh Festival preens itself on being "international," and that this applies to the films likewise. But however much it preens and protests, I shall go on maintaining that it ought to consider being national as well as international. From all I hear and overhear, year after year, at these enjoyable jamborees, I have a conviction that the countless visitors, especially those from abroad, come to Edinburgh with the hope of seeing Scottish arts and crafts, plays, films—and that they feel more than a little fobbed off if they are *only* given the films, plays, arts and crafts of every other creative nation in the world. That is all there is to be said about *that*, and it is said now.

The only two full-length English-speaking films at this year's Edinburgh Festival were the British "A Cry from the Streets" (which I discoursed upon

a fortnight ago) and the American "The Goddess." This last is a very long and interesting—or, at least, exasperatingly interesting—account of a poor screen-struck Maryland girl who achieved her one ambition—to be a famous and popular film-star—and then gradually lost her fame and popularity through over-addiction to the bottle and the hypodermic needle.

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



KIM STANLEY AS EMILY ANN FAULKNER IN COLUMBIA'S "THE GODDESS," WHICH HAS BEEN SHOWN AT EDINBURGH. In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Kim Stanley's performance in 'The Goddess' (directed by John Cromwell) is nothing if not full-blooded. She is an American actress who recently made her first appearance here in Tennessee Williams's play, 'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,' and subsequently appeared as an eloquent advocate of 'The Method' in a memorable Television discussion of that controversial, if somewhat muddled and mysterious subject. In this film Miss Stanley is apparently putting some of her theories into practice with results which I have tried to describe in the surrounding article."

For sheer succinctness I cannot hope to equal the prose account of this film in that useful quarterly called "The Living Film." It says of its heroine: "From being an unwanted child in a Southern town, she achieves her ambition, becomes a top-flight film star; but her way to the top is by the stepping-stones of promiscuity, two loveless marriages, religious mania, and alcohol. At the pinnacle of her success she lives on pills and becomes a suicidal alcoholic. Her first marriage, to the neurotic soldier-son of a film star, increases her unhappiness. She divorces him, leaving their unwanted daughter with her mother, and goes to Hollywood. and marries an ex-prize-fighter.

There she meets This marriage is equally unsuccessful. The film is in effect three stories: the girl, the young woman, the Goddess."

But she is a goddess with such a small amount of charm, and with feet of such palpable clay!

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"RAINTREE COUNTY" (M.-G.-M. Generally Released: September 8).—One of America's longest novels turned, more or less successfully, into what seems a very long film, though it has some interesting half-hours contributed by Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Nigel Patrick in a very-much-out-of-character part.

"THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMEDY" (Eros. Generally Released: September 1).—A happy, hilarious, and nostalgic synthesis of the best scenes in some funny old films of the past—including Laurel and Hardy, Ben Turpin, Harry Langdon and the Keystone Cops. Recommended to the old and ageing—but the young, I am pleased to hear, also revel in it.

One of the shrewdest and most experienced men in the whole world of the cinema, Paul Rotha, has his judgment upon this film quoted in the same magazine: "For all its faults—and it has many—'The Goddess' is an adult, sincere, and worthwhile picture which I shall remember with pleasure. . . ." I can agree only with the first clause in this pronouncement, for I find the film adult only in the sense that it is a warning to teen-agers, often quite insincere, hardly ever worthwhile, and already far less easily remembered in detail than two other far better pictures from the hand of the same script-writer, Paddy Chayefsky—these two films being "Marty" and "The Bachelor Party."

Oddly enough, all the supporting characters of the all-pervading heroine—the two husbands, the child, the mother who passes on her religious mania to her daughter—are already curiously dim in recollection; and I am certain that this is because they are neither well-drawn nor well-played. The heroine-actress herself is well-drawn, and she is played with a remarkable incisiveness and vibrancy by Kim Stanley, though I should hesitate to call this great or even good acting. It breaks, indeed, the very first rule of any kind of acting in that far too much of its vocal delivery is quite inaudible. A certain kind of shouting is as inaudible in the cinema as it is in the theatre; and many of Miss Stanley's observations are sent over with—a certain kind of shouting! I know that this is all part of the Strasberg-out-of-



A SUICIDE ATTEMPT FOILED: THE SECRETARY (ELIZABETH WILSON, LEFT), JOHN TOWER, AND EMILY ANN FAULKNER IN A SCENE FROM COLUMBIA'S "THE GODDESS," WHICH IS WRITTEN BY PADDY CHAYEFSKY.

Stanislavsky Method, which in its general application or misapplication means slouching and mumbling instead of walking and talking. But I for one do not propose to go on being slouched upon and mumbled at for whole two-hour sessions without uttering at least an occasional whimper of protest.

The pity of it is that Miss Stanley could obviously be a very good actress if she used even the accepted amount of control. When the character is shouting at her mother: "I never want to see you again—not even in your grave!" she passes the limits of tolerability. But when, shortly afterwards, this goddess goes to her mother's funeral, she gives us, for a second or two, a real mask of stupefied grief which is—before she breaks into sobs and shouting again—quite moving.

**SUMMER TRAINING FOR A WINTER SPORT:  
SKI-JUMPING INTO WATER IN NORWAY.**



PREPARING TO TAKE TO THE WATER: A WELL-KNOWN NORWEGIAN SKI-JUMPER READY TO START HIS RUN AT THE TOP OF THE SKI WATER-JUMP INTO A LAKE NEAR OSLO.

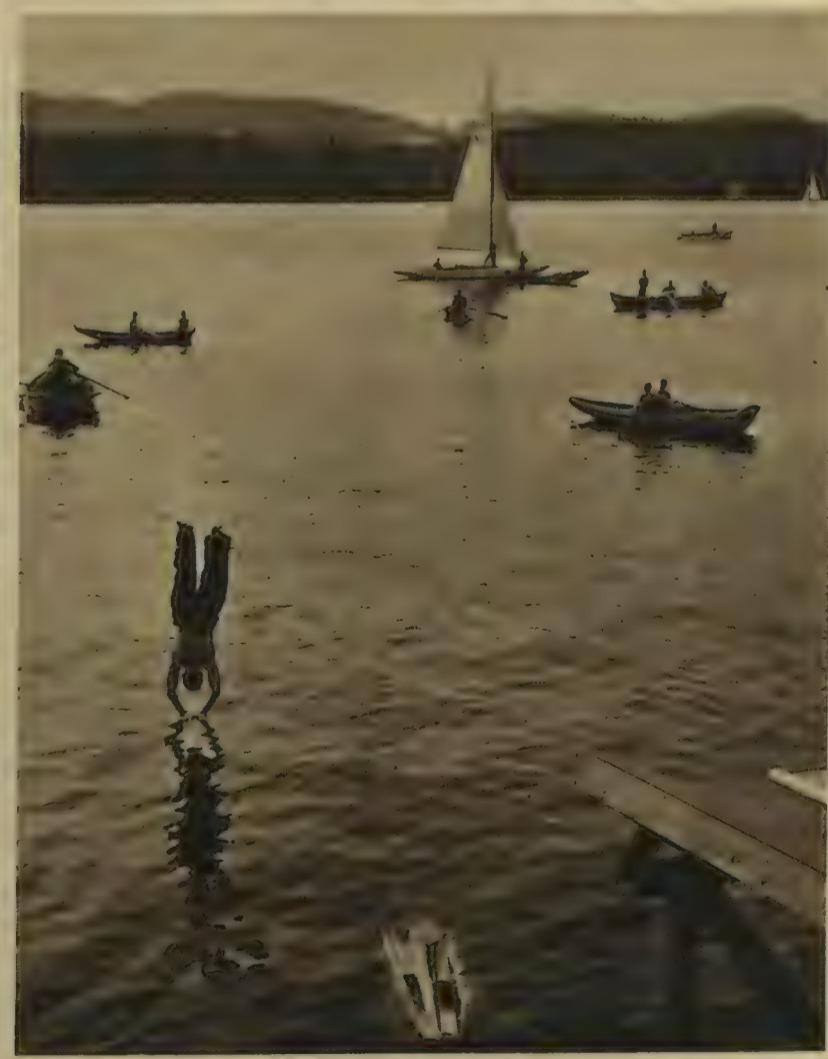


A COOL FINISH AFTER A FAST RUN DOWN THE GREASED SKI-JUMP: A JUMPER PLUNGING INTO THE WATER WITH SOMETHING OF A SPLASH.



THE CRITICAL POINT OF TAKE-OFF: THE JUMPER SHEDS HIS SKIS AT THE END OF THE RUN AND CONTINUES THROUGH THE AIR TO DIVE GRACEFULLY INTO THE WATER.

Norwegian ski-jumpers have recently solved the problem of training for their difficult sport during the snowless months of summer. Members of the "Stabaek Sports Club" of Oslo have built a jumping hill at the shore of a lake near the city, and have developed a technique for ski-jumping which ends with a dive—or sometimes a plunge—into the waters of the lake. Using small skis, they gain considerable speed on the greased run, which covers a drop of about 30 ft., and ends some 9 ft. above the water. For the perfect



THE END OF A PERFECT JUMP: THE SKIS HAVING ALREADY FALLEN INTO THE WATER THE JUMPER DIVES IN SOME 30 FT. FROM THE END OF THE RUN.

jump you shed your skis as you come to the end of the run and then prepare to dive easily into the water as you fly through the air for about 30 ft. Considerable skill, daring, and accuracy are needed to achieve a perfect jump. Some of Norway's best ski-jumpers have tried this method of summer training for the traditional winter ski-jumping, and have expressed strong approval of it. The success of the water ski-jumping near Oslo has led to plans for building a number of similar jumps elsewhere in Norway.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IS it possible to write a historical tragedy, of great depth, and, as it were, passionately clinical, almost while passing through it? If so, "The Fire of Milan," by Riccardo Bachelli (Secker and Warburg; 18s.), is the demonstration. It is bizarre, certainly, and too subtle for English readers, and perhaps only a near-miss; but it is deeply startling and absorbing. And quite unlike the broad, fluent, limpidly accessible "Mill on the Po": as different, indeed, as fire and water. Here even the structure takes one aback, with an alternation of narrative and dialogue—bare, dramatic dialogue. Reality itself, says the author, imposed two movements—"that of the narrative, broad and flowing, and that of the drama, intense and urgent": a drama coming to maturity in the fated city, and to its climax in a villa under the Alps, endowed by legend with the seemingly fated name of Alma Dannata—*The Damned Soul*.

The historic moment is the summer of 1943, when Italy hung between two wars. The leading actors are a quartet. First, the wealthy, high-minded Melania and her son Donato—representatives of an upper class that has washed its hands. Melania's father was a naturalised German banker. His world expired in 1914; this soon carried him off; and Melania, widowed after a year's bliss with a raptly adoring husband, shut herself up in music, hypercritical idealism, and devotion to her son. Now that she is middle-aged, they are both paying for it. She has made Donato hypercritical like herself, but at her expense, and his own. In disgust at music, he took a science degree. In disgust at his mother's clique of draft-dodgers—the upshot of anti-Fascism in an ivory tower—he scouts any distinction between wars, and admits no duty but the soldier's. Only he didn't die; he has returned from a weird, sinister immunity with a nervous breakdown. Meanwhile, the still-golden Valkyrie is ravaged by repressed sex, and almost hating Donato for being born. These dupes of pride are complemented by the believing sinner Armida, and her rebel-lover Gaspare della Morte—outcasts of faith and action. They become a quartet because Melania, in her aberrance, is infatuated with the "lost woman"; but on the day of wrath, they are together on a new plane. It finds them all at Alma Dannata: Gaspare, now a leader of partisans, in hiding, Melania confronting a German officer as overstrung as herself, Armida pursued by an Italian viper.... This fifth act is extraordinary: Jacobean tragedy, with a touch of Verdi perhaps. The "flowing" chapters have no dialogue, and would be rather daunting anyhow; yet there is at least equal fascination in their wit, pungency and intensity of concern. As the author says (though of his material)—"A very potent and bitter wine."

## OTHER FICTION.

"Strangers in the Land," by Henri Troyat (Arco; 18s.), sadly concludes a long, long Russian trilogy. I mean it is sad to say good-bye. We first met the Arapovs, and Tania's Michael, and Kisiakov, the bloated Russian Mephistopheles, around 1890; here, those who survived the Revolution are gradually fetching up in Paris. The Danovs might be worse off; they have each other and the boys, and though Michael has lost his fortune and the family business, he is an optimist who likes work. Rather to Tania's exasperation; she is the same childish, disarming figure as of old. By 1922, they have settled in—"How comfortable you are here!" cries her brother Akim, fresh from the camp at Gallipoli. This ex-colonel of Hussars is now full of pathos. While Kisiakov, as doorman of the Poulain Bossu, is truly superb. He alone remains lord of fate—never more so than when finally struck by impotence at the bedside of a rich client. After a moment's horror, he has not only reacted but wrapped her up. However, his end is duly sticky. Boris, the younger Danov, adapts himself; and we see him off to a new war. Meanwhile, the nostalgic atmosphere has been unconfined.

"The Winthrop Woman," by Anya Seton (Hodder and Stoughton; 18s.), is an enormous chunk of thoroughly documented, romantic history, about the Puritan settlement of Boston. Elizabeth Feake or Winthrop, née Fones, niece and daughter-in-law to the Governor of Massachusetts, was a black sheep and embarrassment at the time—eyed askance by witch-hunters, and harried from pillar to post as an adulteress. Now she makes a valiant, untrammelled heroine; and there is plenty of colour and action in the New World, with its cast of sectarians, Indians and Dutchmen. Only we take nearly a third of the book to get there.

"A Penknife in My Heart," by Nicholas Blake (Collins; 12s. 6d.), deals with an "exchange" murder. A scoundrel and amateur yachtsman named Charles Hammer has an unwanted uncle. A would-be playwright, Ned Stowe, has an unwanted wife. They meet as strangers, in the bar of the Nelson Arms; but Ned is there with his girl, and Charles can lip-read. So he buttonholes the young man; and soon they are under contract to "dispose of each other's rubbish.".... Strictly "made up"; one can't believe it of Ned for a split second, after all the author's extenuations. But a perfect artefact,

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM ALBANY TO ULU—AND THE HIGH SEAS.

I HAVE always enjoyed visiting such of my friends as have from time to time lived in chambers at the Albany. In the days when "a good address" mattered a great deal, and a young lady could exclaim at a dinner-party that "she had lived all her life in Mayfair, so was full of superstitions about Belgravia," young men of ambition, means and promise were fortunate if they could find a set of rooms vacant at the Albany. More than a century ago, as Sheila Birkenhead quotes in her "Peace in Piccadilly, The Story of the Albany" (Hamish Hamilton; 25s.), Marmion Savage wrote a book entitled "The Bachelor of the Albany," in which he wrote:

You know the Albany—the haunt of bachelors, or of married men who try to lead bachelors' lives—the dread of suspicious wives, the retreat of superannuated sops, the hospital for incurable oddities, a cluster of solitudes for social hermits, the home of homeless gentlemen, the diner-out and the diner-in, the place for the fashionable thrifty, the luxurious lonely, and the modish morose, the votaries of melancholy, and lovers of mutton-chops. He knowest not Western London who is a stranger to the narrow arcades of chambers that forms a private thoroughfare between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens, guarded at each end by a fierce porter, or man-mastiff, whose duty it is to receive letters, cards and parcels, and repulse intrusive wives, disagreeable fathers, and importunate tradesmen.

Lamentable as Marmion Savage's style may be, his sledge-hammer alliterations have hit this elusive nail on the head. The Albany was—perhaps, but I do not believe it, and it still is—exactly like that. Starting life as Melbourne House, it sheltered the sprightly Lady Melbourne and her sleepy husband until Christmas 1791.

After its period as York House, the Albany set out on its new career in 1803. Lady Birkenhead gives us some elegant and well-drawn pictures of some of those who set up house there. There is Byron, fencing away and writing letters to Lady Melbourne from "my and your Albany rooms"; "Monk" Lewis, somewhat encumbered by his massive and over-whiskered gondolier; Wordsworth kneeling down to family prayers with Gladstone; Lytton's wife being removed, screaming hysterically; Macaulay entertaining Ellis with lobstercurry—woodcock, and macaroni; Richard le Gallienne and Aubrey Beardsley leading the Aesthetic movement of the 'nineties. I am not quite sure why Lady Birkenhead calls her delightful, entertaining and highly polished work "Peace in Piccadilly." All too often there was no peace, as when Mr. Daniel Gundry kept off the police with pistols and swordsticks. "Other inhabitants of Albany must have found him a very trying neighbour," writes Lady Birkenhead. "Sometimes he would stand in the hall and insult everyone who tried to pass him. At others he would take it into his head to break all the windows. Or he would have a cab in the Albany court-yard and sit in it for hours together, looking at the heavens, and obstructing the passage of anyone who wished to enter the building." No, life in Albany Chambers cannot have been all lobstercurry and woodcock, but even its eccentricities were on a generous scale.

Leaving Piccadilly for the jungles of Malaya, I found "Noone of the Ulu," by Dennis Holman (Heinemann; 21s.), rather disappointing. Pat Noone was an anthropologist who became fascinated by the Temiar tribe of aborigines in Northern Malaya. He married the daughter of one of them, lived as a member of the tribe and made a close study of their customs. In the war he joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, but he and his company got separated from them during an action against the Japanese, and Pat disappeared. Later his brother Richard, who had accompanied Pat to Malaya, was called on by Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer to counteract the influence of Malayan Communist-terrorists on the aborigines. In carrying out this operation he got news of Pat, and found that he had been murdered. Pat, for all his self-dedication and undoubtedly heroism, seemed to me an odd and inexplicable character. Perhaps there is a book to be written about him, but I am afraid that I do not think this is it.

If there was one historical figure about whose identity I felt pretty sure (in a 1066-and-all-that kind of way), it was Christopher Columbus. But M. Merrien, author of "Christopher Columbus" (Odhams; 25s.), tells me that I am wrong. It seems that no one knows who he actually was. M. Merrien does not think that he was either Genoese or a Jew, preferring to accept a theory that he was a Catalan pirate. Even in this rather unenticing rôle he seems to have played a far from admirable part. It is all very well to be, as the author displays him, a genius, a sailor and a poet, if you launch the expedition for which you are responsible on "a course of bloodshed, cupidity, debauchery, lies and abominations of all kinds."

Lastly, Captain Frank Knight, who has written a number of books about the sea, has now produced "The Sea Story" (Macmillan; 21s.), a historical survey which begins with the Argonauts and Odysseus, and ends with the swan-song of sail. This is most readable, as well as authoritative.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

**I**N the "Open" Chess Championship, held for the last three years at Whitby, anybody may compete. Interpreting this clause as widely as anybody is ever likely to, Mr. H. Jones, of Stourbridge, entered in 1955 approximately four months after learning how the pieces move. It is unnecessary to dilate on his result that first year. But he has competed again since and not gone home pointless.

Thirty-eight participated this year, ranging from masters of world fame such as Donner (Holland), Perez (Spain) and Kluger (Hungary), down to players previously unknown outside their own club.

Such a mixed field often produces games of the highest interest, because the strong players can use their imaginations more boldly.

The event churns up almost every year young players of promise. I think C. V. Murray, of Manchester, who won this game this year, will be heard of again:

## TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	8. P×P	Kt-Q5
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	9. Kt-B3?	B-Kt5
3. B-B4	Kt-B3	10. B-K2	Kt×B
4. Kt-Kt5	B-B4?	11. Kt×Kt	Kt-K5
5. Kt×BP	B×Pch	12. P-Q3	Q-B3
6. K-B1	Q-K2	13. P×Kt?	B-K6dis ch
7. Kt×R	P-Q4	Resigns	

Another quick-death affair won by R. Fletcher. The opening 1. Kt-KB3, P-KB4; 2. P-K4, a sort of From Gambit Reversed, is almost unexplored territory:

White	Black	White	Black
1. Kt-KB3	P-KB4	12. Kt(Kt5)-K4	B-K2
2. P-K4	P×P	13. B-KKt5	B-K3
3. Kt-Kt5	P-K4	14. B×Kt!	P×B
4. P-Q3	P-Q4(?)	15. Kt-B6ch	B×Kt
5. P×P	P-B3	16. B×B	Kt-Q2
6. B-Q3	P-KKt3	17. B×R	Q×B
7. P×P	Q×P	18. QR-Q1	Kt-Kt3
8. Castles	Kt-B3	19. KR-K1	P-K5
9. Kt-QB3	Q-Kt1	20. Kt×KP	Castles
10. Q-K2	B-Q3	21. Kt-B5	Resigns
11. B-QB4	Kt-Q4		

Another game, won by K. G. P. Gunnell, opened 1. P-K4, P-Q3; 2. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 3. Kt-QB3, P-KKt3; 4. B-KKt5, B-Kt2; 5. P-B4, P-B4; 6. P-K5! BP×P?; 7. P×Kt, P×P; 8. Q×P, and White was a clear piece up, after about ten minutes' play!

D. Riley produced thunder out of a clear sky as Black here (Ruy Lopez):

White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	14. B×Kt	KtP×B
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	15. QKt-Q2	Kt×Kt
3. B-Kt5	P-QR3	16. R×Kt	Q-K2
4. B-R4	Kt-KB3	17. Kt-Kt5	P-R3
5. Castles	P-QKt4	18. Kt-R3	B×Kt?
6. B-Kt3	Kt×P	19. Q×B	Castles(K)?
7. P-Q4	P-Q4	20. R×P	KR-Q1
8. P×P	B-K3	21. QR-Q1	R×R
9. Q-K2	Kt-R4	22. R×R	R-Kt1
10. R-Q1	B-B4	23. P-KKt3	R×P
11. B-K3	B×B	24. Q-B8ch	K-R2
12. Q×B	P-QB4	25. Q×RP?	Q-Kt4
13. P-B3	Kt-B5	26. P-B4	Q-R4

White resigns: he is helpless against the threats of 27.... Q×RPch or 27.... Q-K7 or 27.... Q-B6.

**Mariner and the Man** (Odhams; 25s.), tells me that no one knows who he actually was. M. Merrien does not think that he was either Genoese or a Jew, preferring to accept a theory that he was a Catalan pirate. Even in this rather unenticing rôle he seems to have played a far from admirable part. It is all very well to be, as the author displays him, a genius, a sailor and a poet, if you launch the expedition for which you are responsible on "a course of bloodshed, cupidity, debauchery, lies and abominations of all kinds."

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In many spheres of military flying, manned aircraft will continue to be irreplaceable. But whether your son becomes a pilot, navigator, or air electronics officer, he will, of course, as he advances in seniority, spend less time flying and devote himself to other growing responsibilities: to the men under him: in administrative, liaison, or training jobs: and later, perhaps, in high command. In addition, he will need to develop his scientific and technical

knowledge, in order to keep up with the latest technological advances.

**The first step.** You know yourself if your son has the character, intelligence and fitness for this exacting but rewarding life. If he is over 17½, and has the G.C.E. or equivalent standard, you may be doing him a service by writing now or getting him to write stating age and education to the following address: Air Ministry (ILN14), Adastral House, London, WC1.

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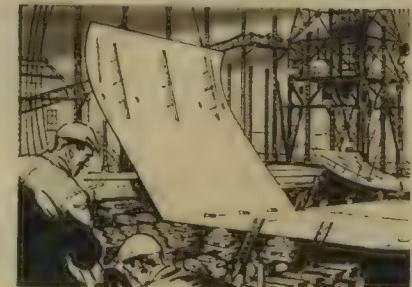


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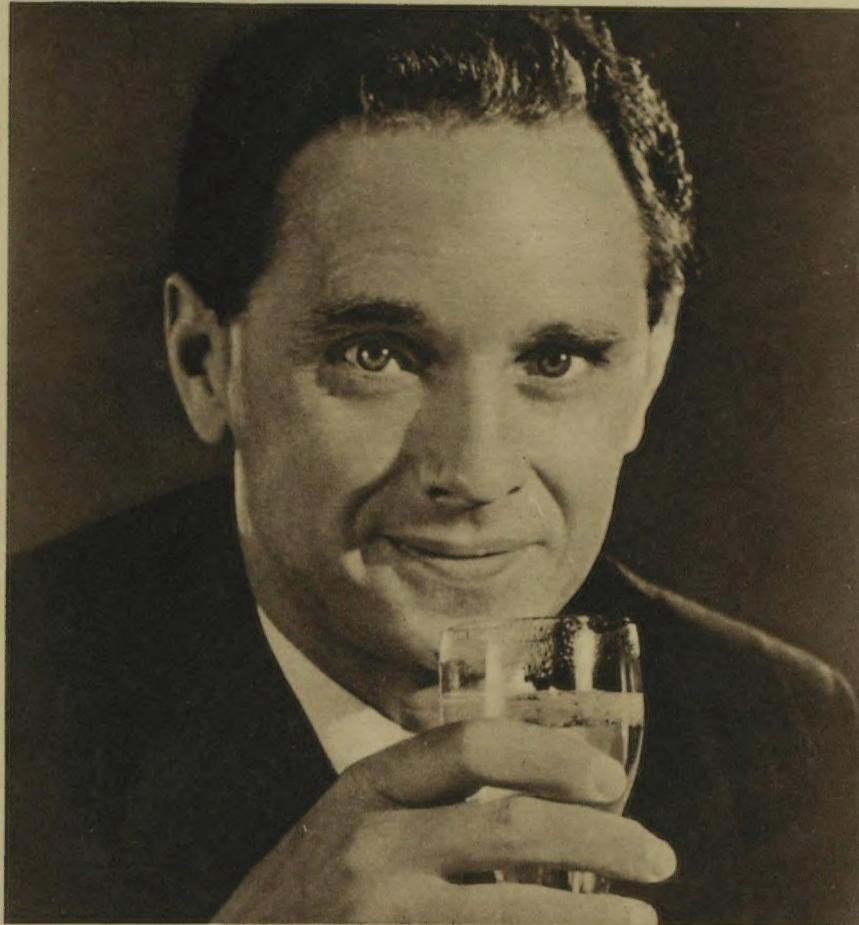
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*the liqueur of  
the Apricot*

Made by

## MARIE BRIZARD

*who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-  
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

I want to know what it feels like to be a Statesman.

Just like Dad, in fact.

Dad often has to entertain big government people from abroad . . . he's very cosmopolitan, or something.

And he always offers his distinguished guests Whyte & Mackays.



I remember the Iberian Minister who asked if it was right or not to put soda in one's whisky, and Dad said, yes, it was right or not, according to one's taste. Many people preferred a long drink.

"But there are others, of whom I am one," Dad said, "who so revere their Whyte & Mackays that they drink it neat."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sublime whisky, Whyte & Mackays," Dad says.

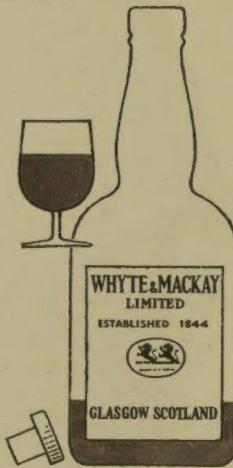
"A voluptuous pandering to the sybarite in us. Whyte & Mackays Special is the very quintessence of splendid whisky."

(Dad's always been noted for his speeches.)

But you should hear him when he bangs on the table here, just like on the Despatch Box, and says how hard it is to get Whyte & Mackays because of those (unparliamentary language) Scots who believe that Whyte & Mackays is their very own whisky! Well, we must all come to the aid of the Party, and so I'll leave this Whyte & Mackays to Dad.



ME . . . WITH THIS BOTTLE? WHY,  
NOTHING DAD! JUST ANTICIPATING  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN'S  
WISH FOR A Whyte & Mackays.



For central heating and all the hot water  
you need at the lowest cost

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ANCHOVY PASTE  
FOR TOAST & BISCUITS, ETC.  
JOHN BURGESS & SON LTD.  
ESTABLISHED 1780

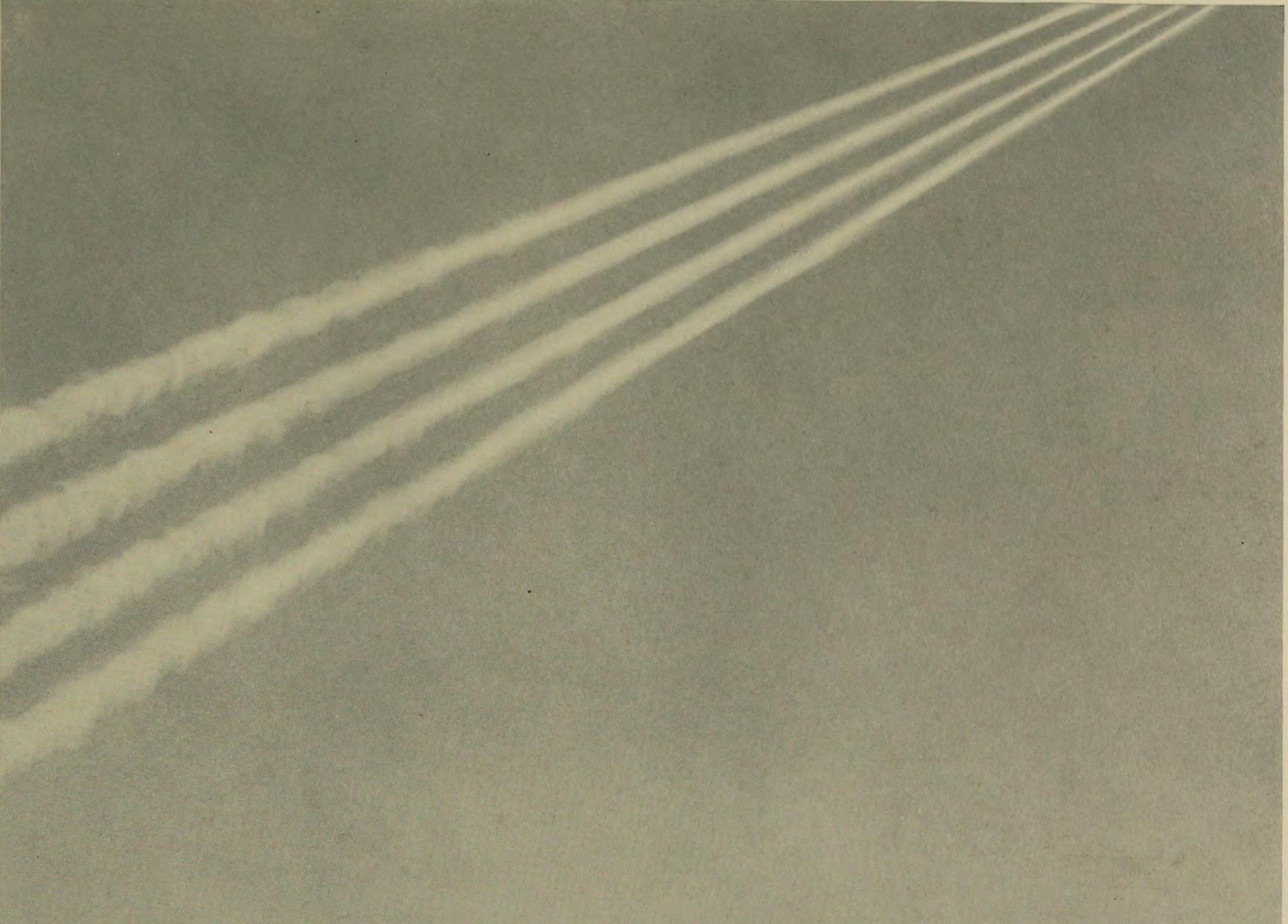
BURGESS'  
ANCHOVY PASTE

is first choice of the gourmet today

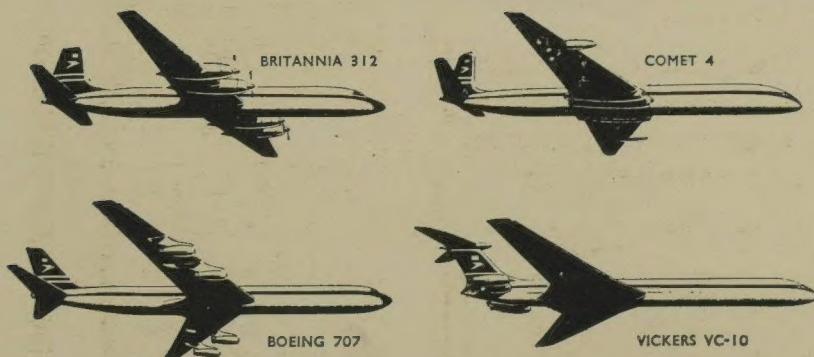
DOWCESTER  
CREAM



The Sherry  
Superb



# BOAC streaks ahead in jetliner travel !



**P**ROOF? Yes, indeed. BOAC Britannias, first jet-age airliners to fly the Atlantic, are proudly serving you today . . . and new Comet jetliners are already breaking records on transatlantic training flights in preparation for their introduction on the Atlantic later this year. Delivery of a fleet of magnificent BOAC 707 jetliners is expected next year . . . and already earmarked for BOAC early in the 1960's is a fleet of revolutionary new VC-10 jetliners — fastest, most powerful on the drawing board today. This is how BOAC is thinking and planning and acting . . . determined as always to lead the world in air travel — today and all the tomorrows to come.

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is to  
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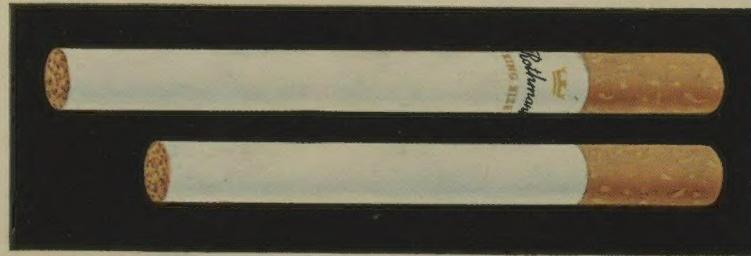
Rothmans King Size continues to outsell all other king size Virginia cigarettes in the World as smokers make first cigarette switch in over half a century.

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